

# THE 1973 NIGHTMARE WINTER-SPECIAL

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T.M.

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION





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# NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

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**The  
Horror  
Tub**

I LEFT MY HEART IN THE BURIAL PIT

the night of the  
**Mutant Eaters**

**DRPHIBES  
RISES  
AGAIN**

**DIE MUMMY!**

BEWARE IT...FEAR IT...  
**IT SCREAMS!**

*...welcome...  
...to the  
1973  
Winter  
Special...*

*...herein many awful  
and weird things in  
Abominable, Deep  
Pits bid you  
Drop In for a  
Laugh, Chortle  
or a Choke...*

*...this is the...*

*Nightmare  
in the  
Pit*



**...WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW...**

...AS THE TRACTOR SHUDDERED OFF...THE POLICE OFFICER TIRED AT PERRY, FILLING HIS BODY WITH 5 SHELLS... AND PERFORATING THE TIRE OF THE MACHINE WITH ANOTHER...



**NUMBER ONE - 1973  
WINTER SPECIAL**



... LOVE IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY GOODBYE...

COME TO ME HARMHAB...  
DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE  
YOUR QUEEN?...

... BUT YOU'RE  
DEAD... YOU'VE  
ALREADY BEEN  
MUMMIFIED...

... IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE...

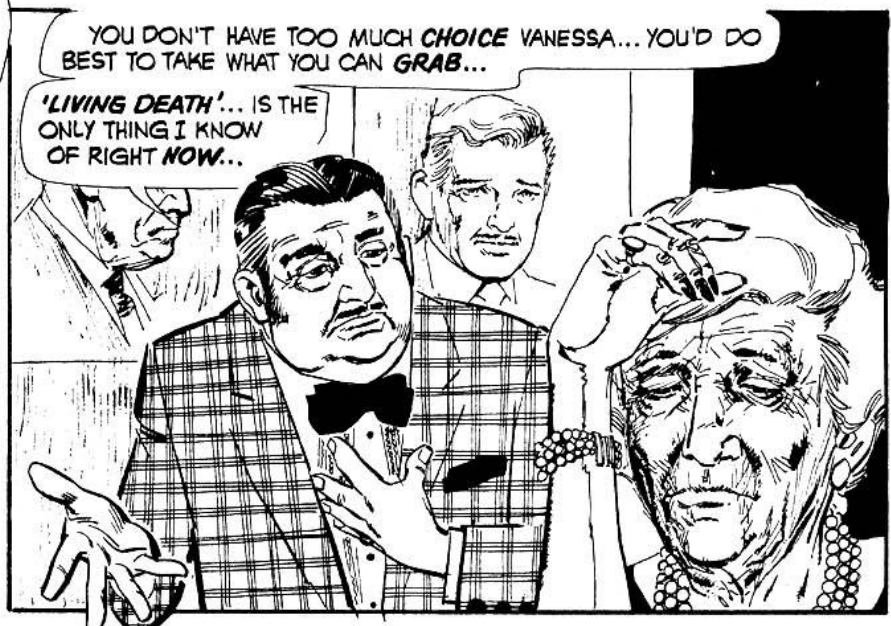
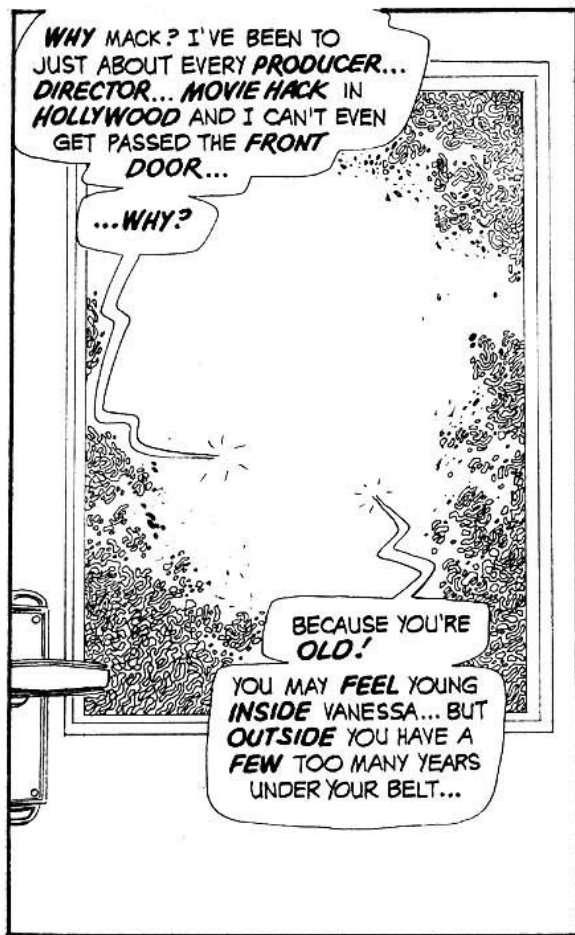
... TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN  
AWAY FROM YOUR ARMS MY  
LOVE... COME TO ME...

... COME TO ME... COME  
AND LET US BECOME ONE  
IN ETERNITY...

...AND SO STARTS, OR RATHER ENDS, OUR TALE--OF VAMP YANESSA DEVON... AN AGING THING AT BEST WHOSE CLAIM TO FAME  
FADED 50 YEARS AGO WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, IF ONLY AT HEART, AND SCRAMBLING AFTER THE ATTENTIONS OF A 20'S  
VIXON WHO NOW STUMBLES WITH EVERY STEP AND IS MADE TO ENDURE THE WRETCHED CRY:

# DIE MUMMY!

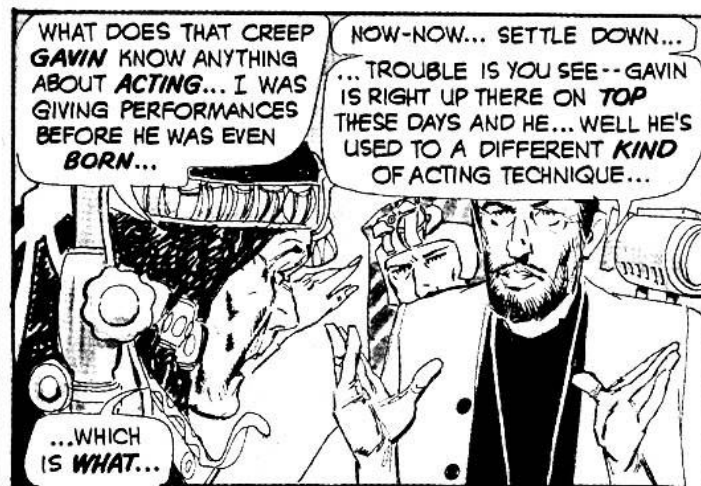




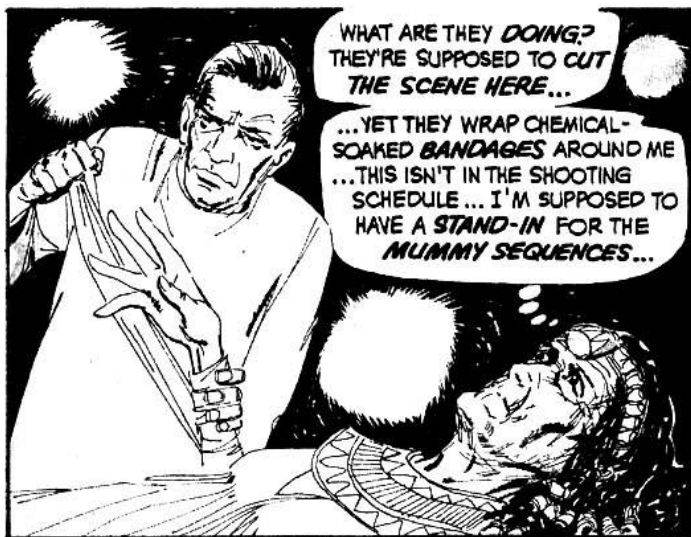














I CAN FEEL **POWER**  
SURGE THROUGH  
THESE OLD  
BONES...

...POWER THAT I  
KNEW I WAS A  
**CHILD** IN MY 20'S  
AND 30'S...

THE ACES AND PAINS  
ARE GONE...THE GNAWING  
**TIREDDNESS** ABOUT MY BODY...  
NOW I FEEL ONLY AN  
**ULTIMATE INWARD**  
**STRENGTH!**

SHE HAS  
**ARISEN...** THE  
QUEEN HAS  
**ARISEN...**

SHE MAKES  
FOR THE PALACE  
OF OUR **LEIGE**  
...SHE MUST BE  
**STOPPED...**

OUT OF MY  
WAY WITLESS  
PAWNS OF  
A CRUEL  
**DESPOT...**

...IT IS  
**HIS** LIFE I  
SEEK NOT  
**YOURS...**

...IT'S NOT  
**POSSIBLE...**  
YOU'RE DEAD  
...ABOUT TO  
BE BURIED...

MY LEIGE I...  
**UUUGGHHHH...**

**DEAD--**  
BUT NOT YET  
BURIED MY  
HUSBAND...

WRASSHH



COME TO ME HARMHAB...  
DO YOU NOT WANT MY LOVE  
**EVEN NOW...** I HAVE RETURNED  
FROM BEYOND TO GIVE YOU MY  
LOVE... **COME TO ME...**  
**COME...**

YOU **STILL**  
DO NOT CARE TO  
**CARESS** ME...

...CHOKING  
ME...CAN'T  
BREATHE...

**GUARDS...**  
**GUARDS...**





THE MUMMY IS  
TOO POWERFUL  
LEIGE... WE CAN'T  
EVEN *MOVE* IT...

DIE...DIE...  
YOU CRIMINAL...

...YOU REJECTED  
MY LOVE... YOU  
SPURNED MY  
BEAUTY...

GET HER  
OFF... GET  
HER OFF ME  
... SHE'S  
CHOKING  
ME...

...NOW  
YOU WILL  
DIE!



MY BLADE  
WILL NOT PIERCE  
THE HIDE OF THE  
MONSTER

PERHAPS  
NOT  
PIERCE IT...

...BUT  
CERTAINLY  
IT CAN...

...STRIKE  
IT!

WHILE IT IS  
DOWN... RIP OFF  
THE BANDAGES... RIP  
THE WRAPPINGS  
OFF...

PERHAPS IT CAN  
BE STOPPED IF ITS  
NAKED CORPSE IS  
EXPOSED TO THE  
ANGER OF THE  
GODS!



IDIOTS...  
I DO NOT  
THREATEN  
YOU...

WHRRAMOOSSH

OOOOOOHHH



NO...  
LEAVE ME...  
...LEAVE  
ME BE...

...I WILL  
RETURN NOW  
PEACEFULLY  
TO MY TOMB  
IF YOU WILL  
ONLY LEAVE  
ME *BE*...





OLD HER DOWN...  
SHE'S GOT THE  
**STRENGTH OF A  
LUNATIC...**

...GAVIN... **DEAD**  
... NOW SHE'S GONE  
**MAD-- ATTACKED**  
**EVERYONE ON THE SET**  
...EVER SINCE SHE WANTED  
TO PLAY THE ROLE OF THE  
MUMMY **HERSELF** SHE'S  
NOT MADE ANY  
**SENSE!**



SHE'S **UNCONSCIOUS**  
SIR...

GET THOSE  
**WRAPPINGS OFF**  
...GIVE HER SOME  
**AIR...**



...OH MY  
**GOD...**

...A MUMMIFIED  
CORPSE...  
NOTHING BUT...  
BUT...

...NOTHING BUT **DEATH...** FOR THE  
VAMP HAS HEARD THE CALL FROM  
ANOTHER PLACE AND HAS **ANSWERED**  
**IT...** WITH A **SMILE** ON HER LIPS AND  
A GENTLE **GOODBYE** IN HER **HEART...**

... SHE HAS LIVED HER **LAST ROLE...**  
LIVED THE **PERFORMANCE** OF HER  
LIFE AS THE **DEATH-MUMMY...**

...AND HERE...IT IS **THE END**



## DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!

by  
ALAN HEWETSON

... this ... is the return of **VINCENT PRICE** as **DR. ANTON PHIBES**, the maniac who delights on obscene tortures, which he rationalizes in the name of justice for his dead wife **VICTORIA**, who he is attempting to restore to life. **PHIBES** is a brutal murderer, a sadist, and an absolute lunatic. In his first film in 1971 **'THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES'** he was just as devious and perverted, but didn't go for so many of the frequent well choreographed dance steps which he does in this new production.



SEE

THE CARESS OF  
THE MAN-EATING  
CANARY...

SEE

THE CLUTCH OF  
THE PASSIONATE  
SCORPION...

SEE

THE 100 PROOF  
EMBALMING  
MARTINI...



SEE

THE AUTOMATED  
SAND BOX...

SEE

THE RUSTY SPIKE  
CEILING FIXTURE...

**'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN'** probably isn't really one of the greatest films ever made, but as entertainment it is hard-to-match, with numerous dance numbers, soliloquies, organ recitals and a number of close-ups of **VINCENT PRICE** making macabre gestures to thin air ... this plus an endless series of utterly barbaric murder and torture scenes devised by screenwriters **ROBERT FUEST** and **ROBERT BLEES**, who are undoubtedly relatives of the **MARQUIS DE SADE**, suggests we start our review by suggesting that **'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN'** is a film we recommend you see.

## DEATH! TORTURE! MURDER MOST FOUL!

Dr. Phibes is amusing himself again.



JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF Present

## DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!

**VINCENT PRICE ROBERT QUARRY**  
PETER CUSHING BERYL REID TERRY-THOMAS



This ... is **DR. ANTON PHIBES** portrayed by Vicious **VINCENT PRICE** ... who brings to the Scream Screen in this role a weird personal brand of **MADNESS!**



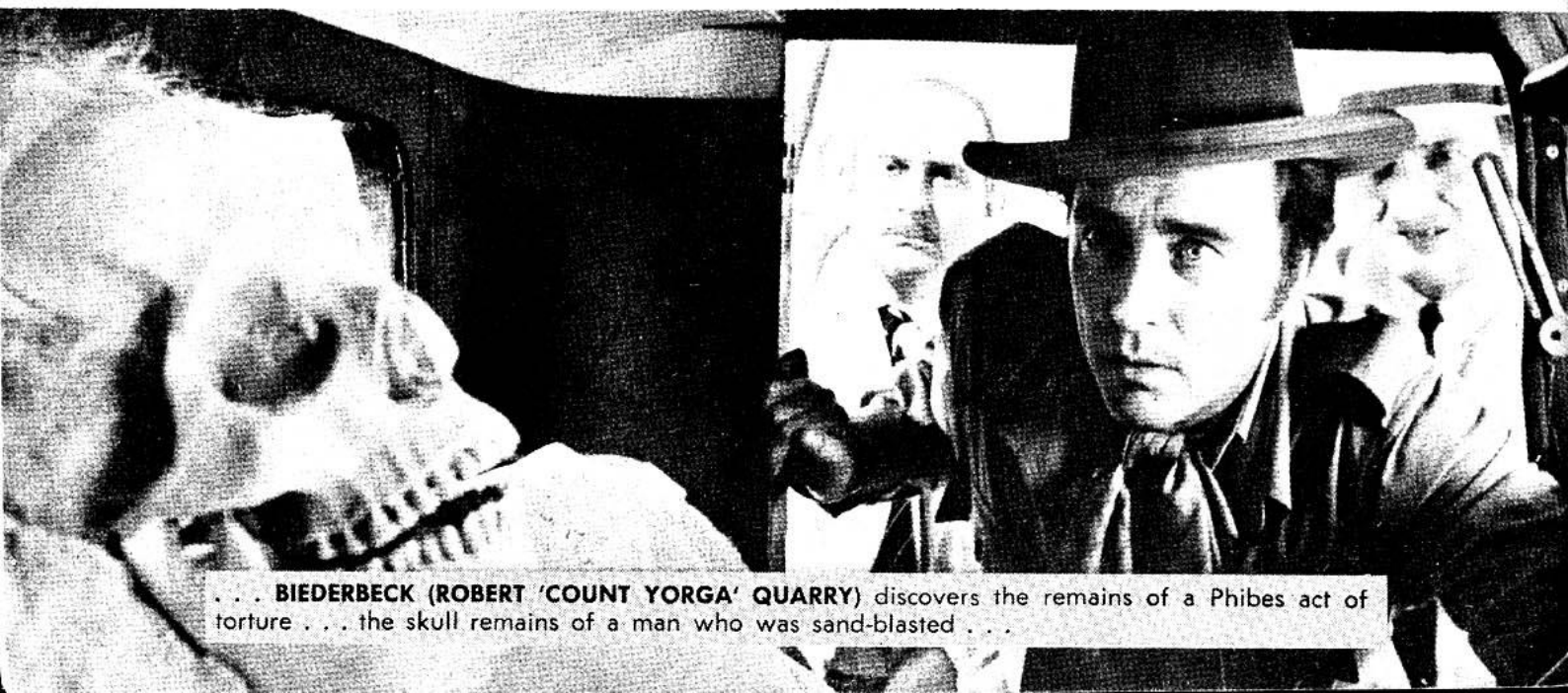


**VINCENT PRICE** is **DR. PHIBES**. **VALLI KEMP** as his dumb (literally) girl assistant **VULNAVIA**. These two people are very weird murderers who devise continued means to slaughter people who try to stop them from reviving to life **PHIBES'** dead wife **VICTORIA**. The people who get in his way are: **ROBERT QUARRY** (who is at best . . . dull) playing **BIEDERBECK**, a very old man who is trying to maintain his youth after he runs out of his (unexplained) youth serum, **FIONA LEWIS** (who is at best . . . unimportant . . . even when she's on the screen alone), **HUGH GRIFFITH** (who is at best . . . comic relief . . . though we're sure he wasn't intended to be), **PETER JEFFREY** and **JOHN CATER** (are both at best . . . (a) an opportunity to introduce yourself to the person in the next seat, (b) get popcorn, or (c) have a short nap), guest appearances by **PETER CUSHING** as a ship's captain, **BERYL REID** as a strange-talking funny-old-woman, and **TERRY-THOMAS** as a shipping company salesman, are quite worthwhile and keep you awake during non-**PHIBES** murder sequences.

**PHIBES** is quite inventive . . . he slices through a man's head by a golden snake which is driven out of a telephone earpiece, he sand-blasts the meat off a man's bones, implements an ordinary bed to squash a man into a tiny tube, shoves a man inside a gin bottle, and attacks a guy with an eagle which, after killing its victim, slowly picks open his chest and rips out intestines, flesh and veins and a bit of the guy's heart-muscle.



. . . **MILTON REID** plays Biederbeck's 'slave' Cheng and is first to fall victim to Phibes' maniacal tortures . . .



. . . **BIEDERBECK (ROBERT 'COUNT YORGA' QUARRY)** discovers the remains of a Phibes act of torture . . . the skull remains of a man who was sand-blasted . . .

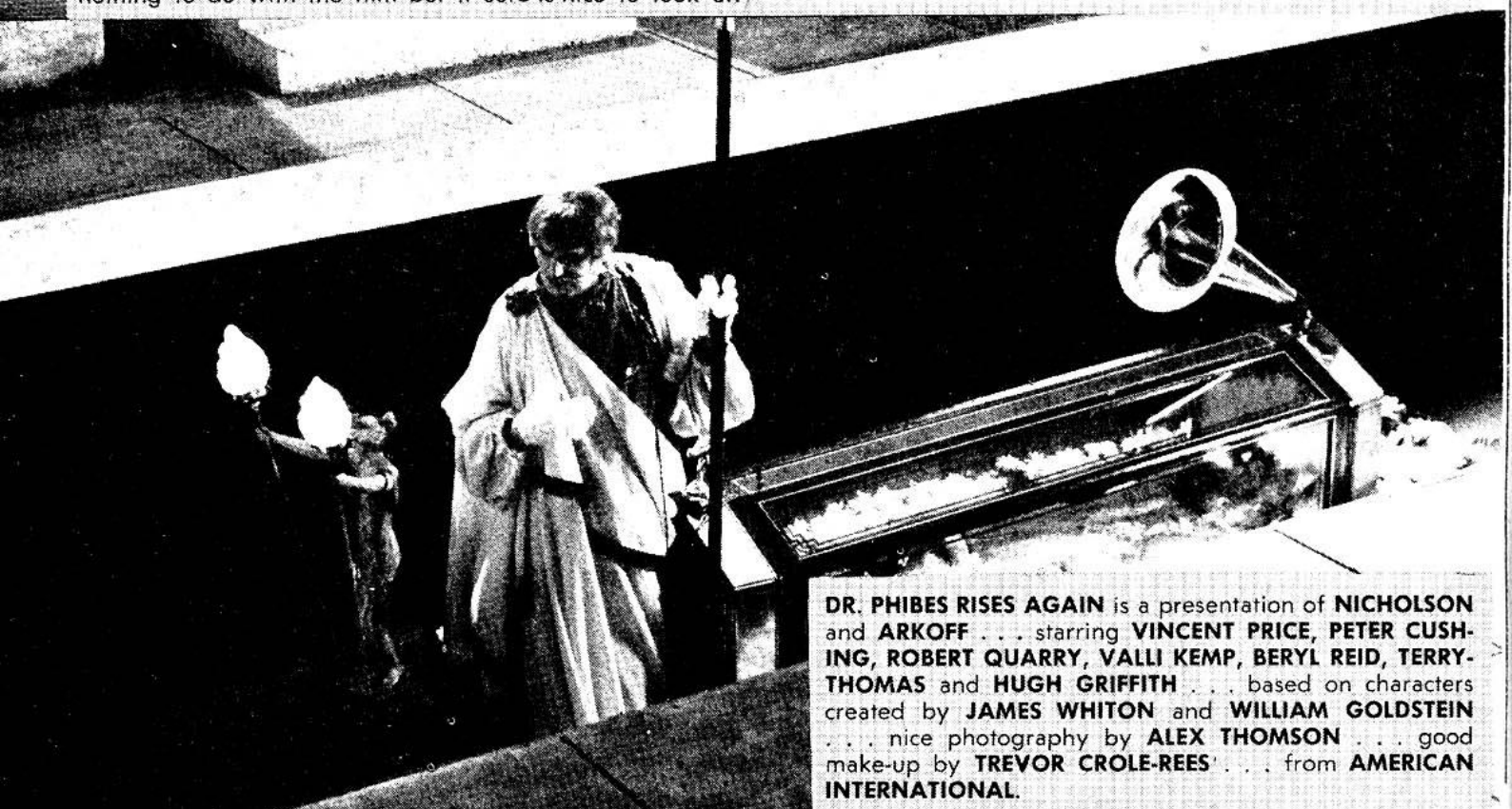




... the motive for **BIEDERBECK'S** and **PHIBES'** actions is to save their loves from death ... **BIEDERBECK**, who is portrayed as being as vile as **PHIBES** in the film turns out in the end to think more of his betrothed than of himself.



**DR. PHIBES** is always accompanied by **VULNAVIA (VALLI KEMP)** who executes a fine choreography score, which has nothing to do with the film but it sure-is-nice to look at!



**DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN** is a presentation of **NICHOLSON** and **ARKOFF** ... starring **VINCENT PRICE**, **PETER CUSHING**, **ROBERT QUARRY**, **VALLI KEMP**, **BERYL REID**, **TERRY-THOMAS** and **HUGH GRIFFITH** ... based on characters created by **JAMES WHITON** and **WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN** ... nice photography by **ALEX THOMSON** ... good make-up by **TREVOR CROLE-REES** ... from **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL**.



...THERE ARE MANY MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS ON THE SAME NEWSTANDS AS *PSYCHO*...  
ONE SUCH EXAMPLE IS A WEEKLY TABLOID THAT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES *THIS*...

...AND SO WE START OUR TALE...

20 ¢

TRUE: THEY LEFT A SCALPEL  
STUCK IN MY HEART WHEN  
THEY OPERATED ON MY  
APPENDIX!

SEE PAGE 86

# INTERNATIONAL INQUIRER

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

NEW YORK

AUGUST 26, 1972

## I LEFT MY HEART IN THE BURIAL PIT, I HAD NO CHOICE

TRUE:  
I ATE MY  
OWN BRAIN  
AND LIVED  
TO TELL OF  
IT

PAG 6

TRUE:  
I KILLED 183  
PEOPLE IN A  
BAR BRAWL

PAG 4

TRUE:  
THE TRUTH  
BEHIND THE  
MYTH ABOUT  
GARGOYLE  
EGGS!

PAG 22

TRUE:  
ARCHAIC AL  
HAS BEEN  
DEAD 43  
YEARS!

PAG 21

TRUE:  
KANSAS DOES  
NOT EXIST!

NEW YORK, AUG 26... A FEW  
YEARS AGO THIS INTERNATIONAL  
INQUIRER REPORTER HAD THE  
PRIVILEGE OF WRITING THE  
FAMOUS AND WELL-PUBLICIZED  
HEADLINE STORY: **I CUT OUT  
HER BRAIN AND STOMPED  
ON IT...** BUT NEVER HAS SO  
GRUESOME A STORY COME TO  
MY ATTENTION AS THE ONE THAT  
DID JUST YESTERDAY WHEN I  
INVESTIGATED THE **PUCCHINO  
CASE...** MY HEADLINE IS: **I  
LEFT MY HEART IN THE  
BURIAL PIT, I HAD NO CHOICE**  
... A MACABRE SANITY-TESTING  
TRUE TALE MY OWN **MOTHER**  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE... I FOUND  
OUT ABOUT THE MESS WHEN I  
INVESTIGATED THE **PUCCHINO  
CASE** YESTERDAY ON THE  
LOWER EAST SIDE... WHERE  
POLICE SPOTTED, IN AN  
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, 7  
DEAD GANGSTERS **WITH  
THEIR THROATS RIPPED  
OUT...** AND LYING NEARBY THEM  
2 GRISLY CORPSES... **THEIR  
HEARTS HORRIBLY CUT OUT...**

THE FOLLOWING STORY IS THE  
RESULT OF PAINSTAKING  
RESEARCH AND I JUST KNOW  
I'M GONNA GET ANOTHER  
JOURNALISM AWARD FOR  
WRITING THIS **GHASTLY BUT  
TRUE TALE** BECAUSE JUST  
LIKE THE LAST ONE I WROTE  
IT IS AN UNADULTERATED  
PIECE OF...

... STORY CONTINUED ON  
PAGE 80...



THERE ARE MANY WEREWOLVES IN OUR MIDST SAYS PROFESSOR IRWIN WILLMAN WHO RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A  
VACATION IN PLATTSBURG NEW YORK WHERE HE SWEARS HE WAS ATTACKED BY SEVERAL GENTLEMEN CARRYING SPEARS SMALL  
CANNON, AND SHOUTING DEATH TO ALL NEW YORK DOCTORS. THIS DISTURBED PROFESSOR WILLMAN WHO IS A NATIVE OF  
QUEENS... CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

ALAN JOSE  
HEWETSON + GUAL



YOU CREEPS AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH THIS... I ALREADY TOLD THE COPS WHO YOU ARE... AN' WHEN THEY FIND MY BODY THEY'LL JUS' PUT TWO AN' TWO TOGETHER...

THEY AIN'T GONNA *FIND* YOUR BODY ROMEO PUCCINO... THEY AIN'T GONNA FIND *NOTHIN'*...

... AIN'T GONNA FIND THIS LITTLE LADIES' BODY *NEITHER*...

...CREEPS...

I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY I MADE HIM WELCH ON YOU...

DON'T GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES TO THOSE CREEPS BABY...

YOU GOTTA UGLY MOUTH PUCCINO...

UGHHH

DON'T HURT HIM... PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM!

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

HURT HIM? HAA-- WE GONNA BUST HIS HEAD OPEN...

YOUR *HEART* HUH?

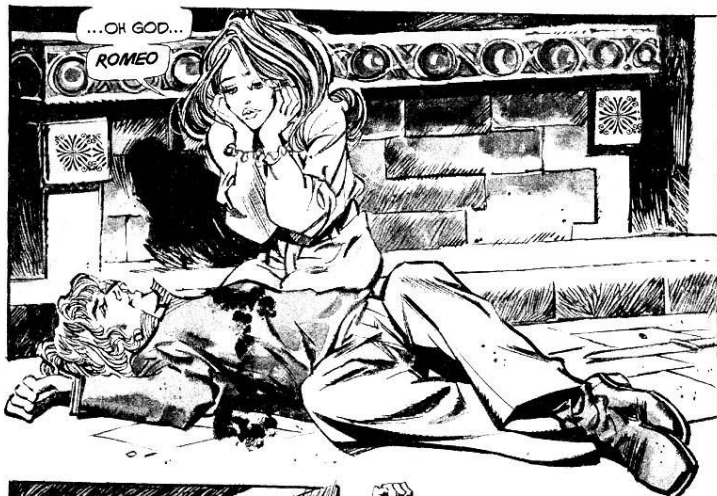
...NO... WE'RE IN LOVE... ABOUT TO BE MARRIED... I TOLD HIM IF HE WANTED MY *HEART* HE'D HAVE TO GO STRAIGHT...

... IT'S MY FAULT...

HEH HEH... ALWAYS ONE WAY TO MAKE A GAL HAPPY...

I GONNA GIVE YOU HIS *HEART*...









...I MAY BE DEAD...  
ONLY A CORPSE...  
BUT I STILL CAN HAVE  
MY REVENGE ON  
THOSE WHO  
BROUGHT US  
TO THIS...



...UH... NO  
STRENGTH... FEEL SO  
WEAK... NO STRENGTH  
TO OPEN DOOR OF  
TOMB...

...UGH...

UH...



ROMEO!!



...SO I WILL  
CUT OUT  
MINE...



I FEEL NO PAIN...  
ONLY LOVE IN MY--  
AH-- MIND...  
ONLY COMFORT  
AS I JOIN MY  
HEART WITH  
HIS...



UHH





...OH JULIET... YOU  
CUT OUT YOUR  
HEART!...

I WANTED  
IT TO BE WITH  
YOURS...

...A SYMBOL--  
OF OUR LOVE...

... NOW -- TOGETHER --  
WE CAN EXIT THIS  
**BURIAL PIT...**

- TOGETHER... WE CAN  
HAVE OUR **REVENGE...**

--WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE OUR  
HEARTS IN THIS BURIAL PIT, WE HAVE NO  
**CHOICE...** BUT WE **NEED** NO HEARTS  
TO DO WHAT WE MUST **DO...**



...NO STRANGER HEADLINE HAS APPEARED IN ANY  
TABLOID NEWSPAPER... NO MORE MACABRE TALE  
HAS EVER BEEN TOLD... BUT THE EDITORS OF THE  
**INTERNATIONAL INQUIRER SWEAR ON THEIR  
MOTHER'S GRAVES** IT IS AN ABSOLUTELY **TRUE  
STORY...** AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US THERE'S  
PROBABLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU ANYWAY  
SO WE DON'T CARE...

...A **SKYWALD** PUBLIC SERVICE (WHICH MIGHT  
BETTER BE TITLED FOR SATIRICAL PURPOSES:  
**THE HORROR AT THE NEWSTAND**)...

...R.I.P...

# BEYOND THE WALLS!!!

IN THE *STRANGE, TIMELESS*, FLEMISH CITY OF *BRUGES*, THERE STANDS AN *ANCIENT* STONE HOUSE WHOSE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS WERE THE *BLACK FRIAR MONKS*. IN 1908, THE FORTRESS-LIKE ABBEY WAS PURCHASED, AND CONVERTED TO A *BOARDING-HOUSE*!

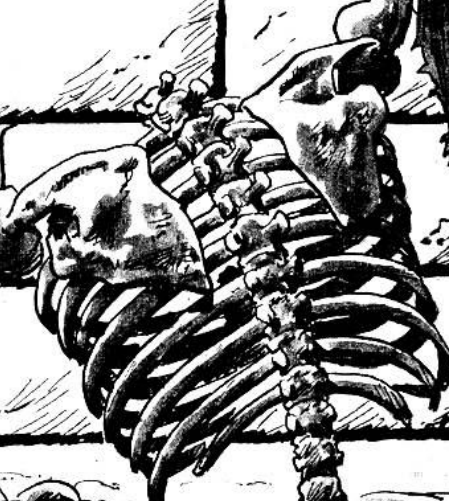
IT WAS *UNCANNY* HOW THE GUESTS WOULD LEAVE BEFORE THEIR RENT WAS UP, AND *ODD*, HOW THEY ALL COMPLAINED OF AN *UNNAMABLE STENCH* THAT EMITTED FROM CERTAIN SECTIONS OF THE STONE-WORK!



FEDOR  
AND VILAMOV

IN A WILD ATTEMPT TO SAVE A FALTERING BUSINESS, THE OWNER SOUGHT THE ORIGIN OF THESE STRANGE WISPS OF *PUTREFACTION*.....

... ONLY TO FIND THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF SOME HELL-SPAWNED CREATURE ENTOMBED BEYOND THE WALL COUNTLESS YEARS BEFORE !!!!

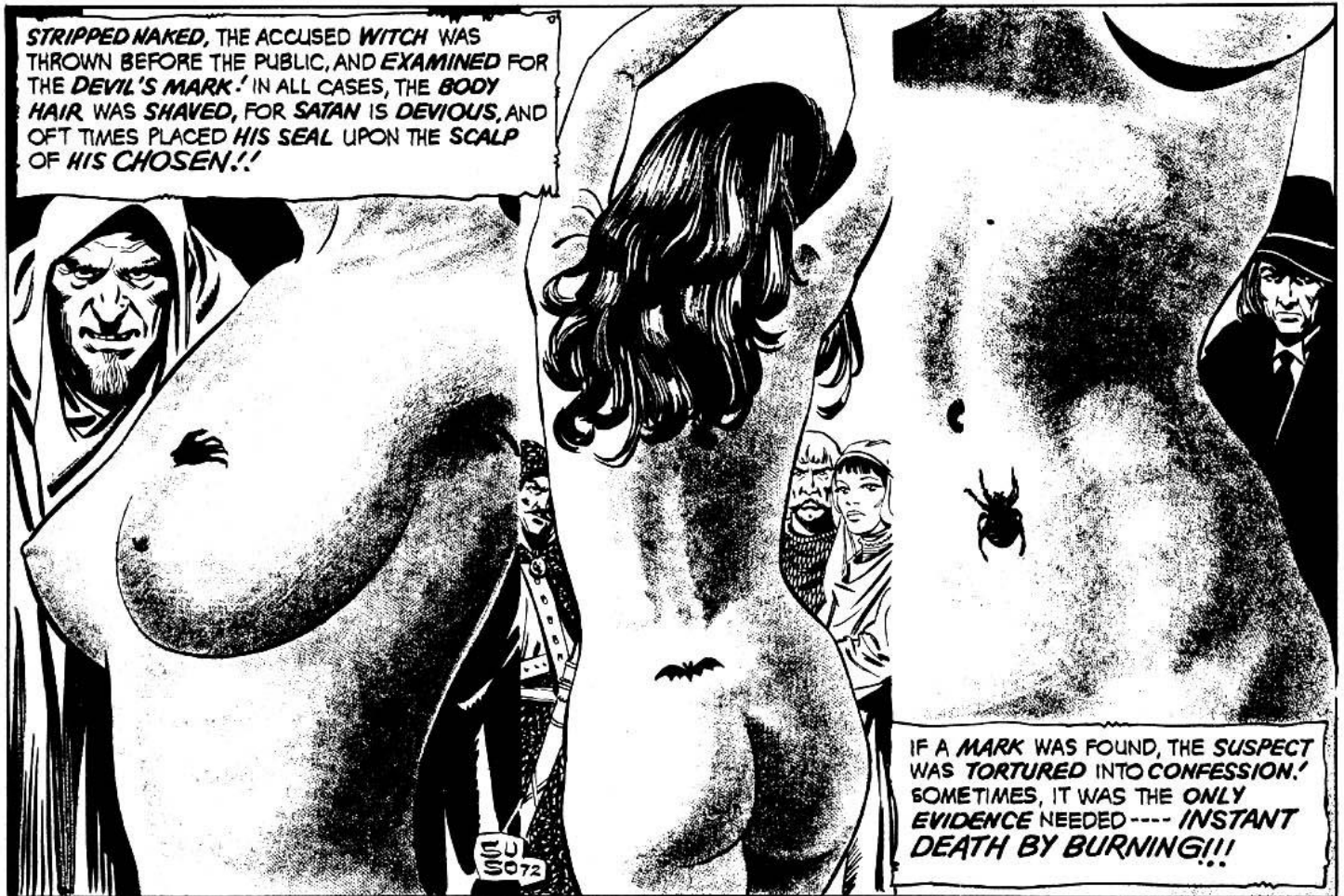




THE MOST **DAMNING** EVIDENCE NEEDED TO **CONDEMN** A **WITCH**, OR **SATANIST**... **WAS FOUND ON THE SKIN!!** EARLY REPORTS TELL US, THAT THESE **STRANGE** IMPERFECTIONS OF THE **FLESH** VARIED WITH EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE ---- SOME APPEARED AS **WARTS**, OTHERS AS **SCARS**.... BUT **ALL** WERE **BRANDED** AS...

# MEPHISTO'S BRAND

**STRIPPED NAKED**, THE ACCUSED **WITCH** WAS THROWN BEFORE THE PUBLIC, AND **EXAMINED** FOR THE **DEVIL'S MARK**.! IN ALL CASES, THE **BODY HAIR** WAS **SHAVED**, FOR **SATAN** IS **DEVIOUS**, AND OFT TIMES PLACED **HIS SEAL** UPON THE **SCALP** OF **HIS CHOSEN**.!!



IF A **MARK** WAS FOUND, THE **SUSPECT** WAS **TORTURED** INTO **CONFESSION**.! SOMETIMES, IT WAS THE **ONLY EVIDENCE** NEEDED ---- **INSTANT DEATH BY BURNING!!!**

FOR THOSE OF THE ACCUSED, WHOSE BODIES WERE **FREE** OF **BLEMISHES**, THE **COURTS** DECREED A NEW **BELIEF**: **SATAN** DISPENSED **INVISIBLE IMPRINTS**..... PATCHES OF SKIN WHICH COULD **NEVER FEEL PAIN**!



FROM THAT TIME ON, EACH NEW **VICTIM** OF THE **COURTS** WOULD HAVE TO **ENDURE** THE **EXCRUCIATING PAINS** OF HAVING EVERY INCH OF THEIR **BODY PUNCTURED** BY **LONG, STEEL NEEDLES!!!!**

FEDORY + SUSO

HOW MANY OF **YOU**, HAVE A **WART**... **BIRTHMARK**... **SCAR**... **MOLE**, OR **STRANGELY SHAPED FRECKLE**?? PERHAPS A **RASH**? **BEWARE**, DEAR **READER!! BEWARE!!!!**

...TAKE A LOOK 'ROUND THIS WEIRD, STARTLING ROOM...IT IS THE HOME FOR THIS WORLD'S MOST MAD COLLECTION OF ARCHAIC ARTIFACTS...

...THE FINEST OUT-OF-DATE RARE EDITIONS OF BLACK WORKS YOU WILL EVER HOPE TO FIND...

...THE ORIGINAL DEATH MASKS OF HISTORY'S MOST REKNOWN DESPOTS... MACABRE SAMPLERS FROM THE MINDS OF THE EARTH'S FINEST ILLUSTRATORS AND PAINTERS -- DALI, BOSCH, DAVIS AND GHASTLY INGELS...

...THE SKELETON OF VLAD THE IMPALER-- THE MAN WHO WAS IN LIFE THE AUTHENTIC **DRACULA**...

...THE HAND-SCRIPT BY GASTON LEROUX FOR HIS FAMOUS HORROR WORK **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**...

... AND SKULLS...KNIVES AND SWORDS... WEAPONS OF HORROR... INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE... COLLECTED FROM MAN'S HISTORY...

... COLLECTED FROM MAN'S **MACABRE** HISTORY...

...YET, FOR COLLECTOR-POSSESSOR HARLAN HUCK IT IS NOT ENOUGH...

...HE **NEVER** HAS ENOUGH...

WHAT DO YOU **MEAN**  
YOU CAN'T GET IT?  
... **WHY** WON'T HE SELL?  
IT'S AN **INSANE** PRICE  
I OFFERED HIM...

...I WANT IT...

... DAMMIT I  
**WANT IT...**







...IT'S BEAUTIFUL ANDERS... SIMPLY **BEAUTIFUL**...

...I CAN SEE, MY FRIEND, WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SELL IT TO MY REPRESENTATIVES...

...YET THE PRICE I OFFERED YOU, MY FRIEND... IS MUCH HIGHER THAN ANYTHING PAID OVER BY **ANYONE** FOR A BOSCH PAINTING...

...YOU REALLY AREN'T IN ANY POSITION TO TURN ME DOWN...

...I'M NOT THE LUNATIC COLLECTOR **YOU** ARE HARLAN...

...I HAVE **FEW** INTERESTS THESE DAYS--ONE OF THEM IS THIS UNDISCOVERED MASTERPIECE OF HORROR BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH...

...IT SAT IN A BRITISH LIBRARY STOCKROOM FOR 65 YEARS... I FOUND IT WHEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ELSE... JUST LUCK THAT'S ALL...

...I'M SORRY HARLAN... YOU CAN **DOUBLE** YOUR PRICE AND I WON'T ACCEPT...

...THEN I DOUBLE IT...

YOU'RE JOKING... 86 THOUSANDS DOLLARS?...



NO...NO... I'LL STICK BY MY WORD...

...I'LL SELL AT NO PRICE...

HARLAN HUCK STORMED OUT THE ROOM THAT DAY... FURIOUS... DETERMINED TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE THIS MACABRE MASTERPIECE HIS OWN...  
...DETERMINED TO **POSSESS** IT...



THERE ARE WAYS AND **MEANS** OF OBTAINING THINGS IN THIS WORLD... HUCK HAS THE MEANS... HE MERELY NEEDS A WAY...

...YET HE IS REMINDED OF CERTAIN **FRIENDS** HE HAD ON OTHER OCCASIONS OF NEED... AND THE AFTERNOON OF THAT SAME DAY HE WENT TO SEEK THEM OUT...

...SEND SOMEONE FOR TOMMY AN HIS PARTNER... I'LL WAIT IN THE CORNER BOOTH...



HELLO HUCK... GOT 'CHER MESSAGE... YOU GOT A JOB IN MIND?

INDEED I DO FRIEND TOMMY; HAVE A SEAT... HAVE A DRINK...

HE PREFERS...

...YOUR FRIEND TOO... WHAT'S HIS NAME?...

...I PREFER NOT TO HAVE A NAME HUCK... IN THIS BUSINESS YOU DON'T **NEED** A NAME...



...ONLY A GUN...



SUCH DRAMA ISN'T NECESSARY GENTLEMEN... NEITHER IS THE GUN... THE JOB ONLY REQUIRES A COMMON HOUSEHOLD...

...MATCH...



WWWRRRRRRRR



...OH MY GOD...  
**FIRE...**  
...MY COLLECTION...  
OH GOD MY  
COLLECTION...



YOU... HUCK...  
...FOR GOD'S SAKE...  
PUT OUT THE FIRE...  
...PUT IT OUT...  
I'LL SELL THE PAINTING  
TO YOU... GOD I SWEAR  
I WILL...  
SHUT UP  
ANDERS...  
IT'S TOO  
LATE NOW...

...GOD HUCK...  
HAVE YOU NO  
EMPATHY?  
...WHAT IF YOUR  
COLLECTION BURNED...  
PLEASE...  
FOR  
GOD'S SAKE  
**PLEASE...**



...SHUT  
HIM UP...  
YOU  
**CREEP...**  
...YOU'RE A  
**CREEP HUCK...  
A CREEP...**  
I SAID  
**SHUT HIM  
UP!**



...GUNGHHH...



...OKAY... SPREAD THE STUFF AROUND...  
MAKE SURE IT ALL BURNS UP... WE HAVE  
TO MAKE IT LOOK **REAL**... LIKE  
ANDERS **STUMBLER**... SMASHES HIS  
HEAD AGAINST THE DOOR...

...YO JUST ABOUT  
READY TOMMY?

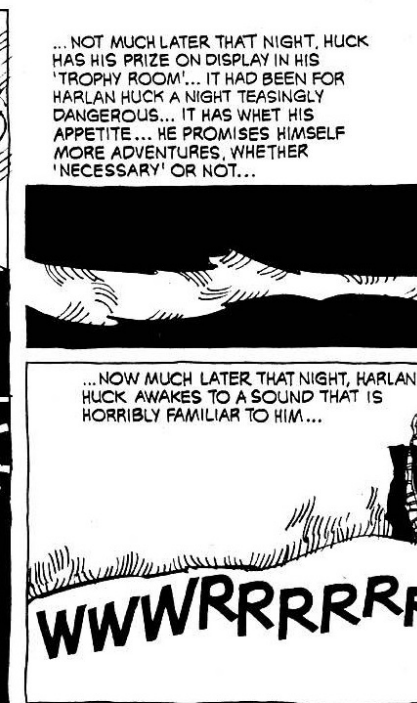
...YUH...



**WHHUPPPPSHSHSH**

...YOU DID A GOOD JOB FELLAHS...  
THEY'LL NEVER TRACE ANYTHING  
AND THEY'LL NEVER  
SUSPECT ANYONE...

...Y'KNOW...  
THIS IS ALMOST  
AS IMPORTANT  
TO ME AS  
**OWNING** THIS  
PAINTING...  
...THE FUN OF  
COLLECTING...



...NOT MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, HUCK  
HAS HIS PRIZE ON DISPLAY IN HIS  
'TROPHY ROOM'... IT HAD BEEN FOR  
HARLAN HUCK A NIGHT TEASINGLY  
DANGEROUS... IT HAS WHET HIS  
APPETITE... HE PROMISES HIMSELF  
MORE ADVENTURES, WHETHER  
'NECESSARY' OR NOT...



...NOW MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, HARLAN  
HUCK AWAKES TO A SOUND THAT IS  
HORRIBLY FAMILIAR TO HIM...

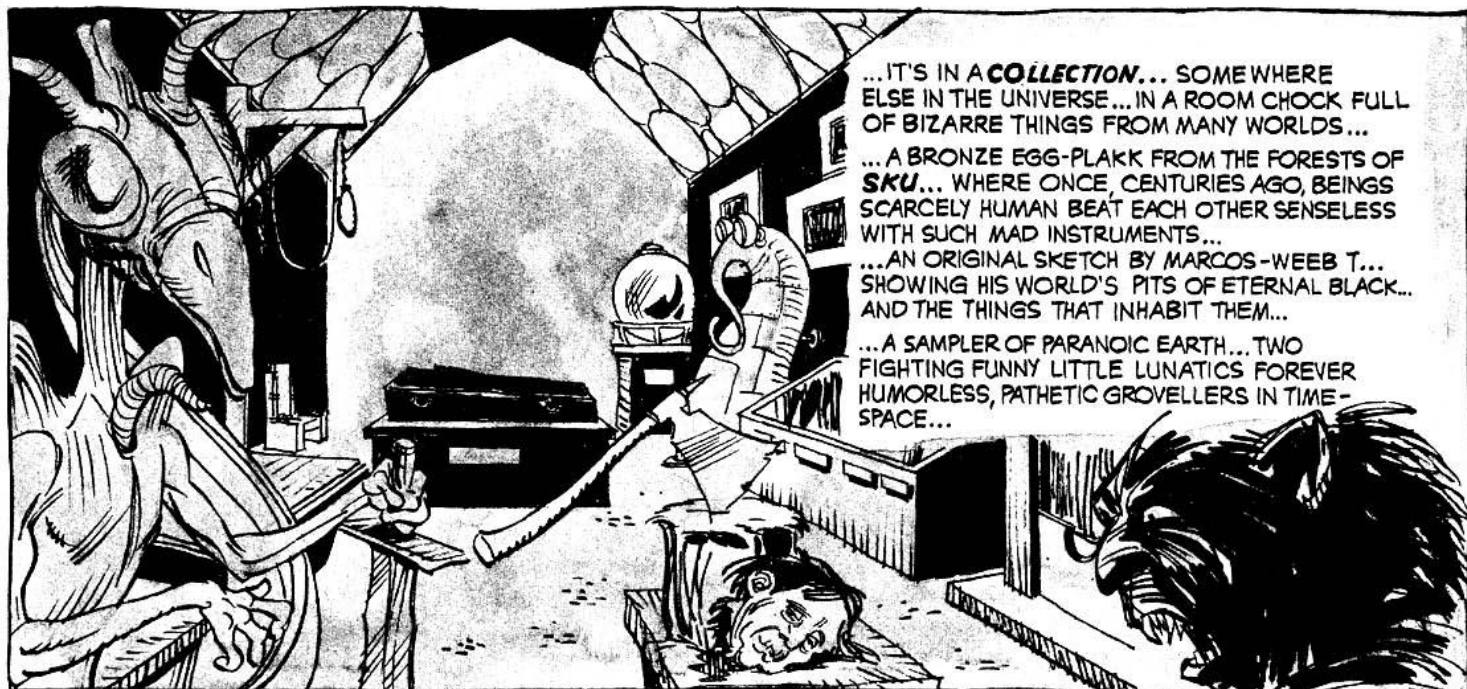
...OH GOD...  
GOD NO...

**WWWRRRRRRSSSSHHH**

on page







...IT'S IN A **COLLECTION**... SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE... IN A ROOM CHOCK FULL OF BIZARRE THINGS FROM MANY WORLDS...

... A BRONZE EGG-PLAKK FROM THE FORESTS OF **SKU**... WHERE ONCE, CENTURIES AGO, BEINGS SCARCELY HUMAN BEAT EACH OTHER SENSELESS WITH SUCH MAD INSTRUMENTS...

...AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY MARCOS-WEEB T... SHOWING HIS WORLD'S PITS OF ETERNAL BLACK... AND THE THINGS THAT INHABIT THEM...

... A SAMPLER OF PARANOIC EARTH... TWO FIGHTING FUNNY LITTLE LUNATICS FOREVER HUMORLESS, PATHETIC GROVELLERS IN TIME-SPACE...

I'LL KILL YOU  
ANDERS...

... GOD I'LL KILL  
YOU BEFORE I'LL LET  
YOU RUIN MY  
COLLECTION...

... YOU'RE  
PATHETIC  
HUCK...

SSSSSCHOOFFF

...AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF HARLAN HUCK... AN ODDITY IN THIS UNIVERSE WHOSE TOYS AND CURIOSITIES AND ARCHAIC ARTIFACTS ARE PERHAPS THE ONLY SHADOW OF VALUE WE HAVE...

... AND THUS, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, WITHIN THIS GLASS TUB OF HORROR 2 HUMANS HAVE FINALLY BEEN MADE TO BE OF SOME VALUE IN THIS STRANGE ARENA OF LIFE -- WHERE -- HUMANITY IS THE LEAST VALUED THING OF ALL...





ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, MONDAY MORNING, THE 1st. OF DECEMBER 1969, A SMALL WHITE VOLKSWAGON CAREFULLY WEAVES THRU THE SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE... ON ITS WAY, PERHAPS, TO...

# THE EVENT IN THE NIGHT?



THE DRIVER IS TIRED... HE HAS MANY MILES MORE TO TRAVEL BEFORE HE REACHES THE BIG CITY FOR THE CONVENTION... MANY MILES... MANY HOURS...



WHUPHH WRAPPWRAPP

...SO STARTS OUR TALE OF DR. HENRY WHITE... AT THE TOP OF A CLIFF!!



GOD!

BLOW-OUT... HEADED TOWARDS A GULLY... THAT FENCE WILL NEVER HOLD... GOT TO HOLD THE WHEEL IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SKID... GO BY THE DRIVER'S MANUAL AND PRAY...



WHUCKKK WHAMMM --KKAK

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



I'M ALIVE--  
GOD--I'M  
STILL ALIVE!



YOU OKAY? ...  
ANYBODY HURT? ...  
YOU ALONE?

YEH...  
I'M  
OKAY...

...LOOK AT  
THE CAR...IT'S  
**WRECKED...**  
THE WHOLE SIDE  
IS **SMASHED UP...**



GLASS WINDOWS AIN'T  
EVEN BUSTED...  
YOU OKAY?

YEH... I'M OKAY...  
MY LEG HURTS... JUST  
A SCRATCH ON MY **KNEE...**

...THE WHOLE UNDERSIDE  
OF THE CAR IS MESSED UP... WHEELS  
POINTING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...  
IT'LL COST A **FORTUNE** TO GET IT  
FIXED... ONLY COST ME \$ 300  
IN THE FIRST PLACE...

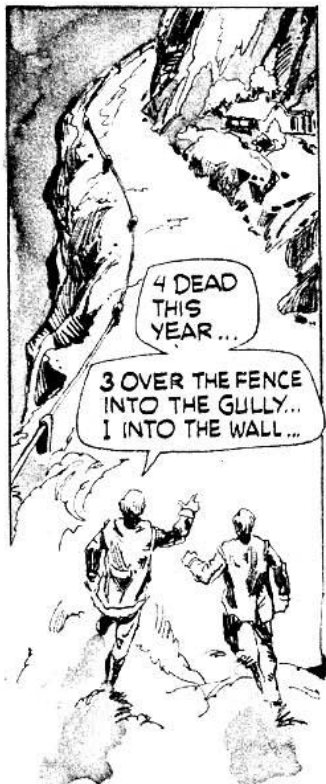
...MIGHT AS WELL  
JUST DUMP IT... IS  
THERE A **HOTEL**  
AROUND HERE? I  
SAW A TOWN ABOUT  
2 MILES BACK THERE  
ON THE HIGHWAY... IF  
YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH  
TO DRIVE ME I'D...



NOT AT ALL... YOU COME AN'  
STAY WITH THE WIFE AN' ME...  
NEVER MIND NO HOTEL... THE  
HOUSE IS JUST UP THERE...  
WIFE HEARD THE CRASH AN'  
I COME RUNNIN'...

ARE YOU  
**SURE?**  
I MEAN, IT'S  
AN IMPOSITION  
SURELY...

LOTSA PEOPLE SMASH  
UP HERE... THOSE THAT STILL  
LIVE THE WIFE AN' ME JUST  
PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT...



4 DEAD  
THIS  
YEAR...

3 OVER THE FENCE  
INTO THE GULLY...  
I INTO THE WALL...



FIX US A COFFEE  
MARY... THIS IS MY  
WIFE MARY...

YOU OKAY  
MR... MR?...

...AH... **WHITE**, DR. HENRY  
WHITE... WAS ON MY WAY  
TO A CONVENTION  
IN NEW YORK...

...WHEN YOU HIT **SKULL  
HILL**... SOMETHING  
ALWAYS HAPPENS TO  
PEOPLE ON **SKULL HILL**...



IN THE MORNING HENRY WHITE  
GOT ON A GREYHOUND AND  
CONTINUED HIS TRIP TO THE CITY...  
THINKING ABOUT **SKULL HILL**,  
ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM  
**SKULL HEAD** THAT HAD POPPED  
INTO HIS MIND AT THE MOMENT OF  
IMPACT... REMEMBERING HOW IT  
BURNED INTO HIS BRAIN...  
...REMEMBERING HOW IT HAD  
TAUNTED AND TEASED... HOW IT  
HURT...



HE STROLLED INTO THE CONVENTION AT 3 IN THE AFTERNOON...



...JESUS...

...HENRY WHITE...  
HENRY...WHERE  
HAVE YOU  
**BEEN** MAN?

WHAT'S THE  
BIG DEAL? I'M  
JUST A FEW  
HOURS LATE...  
HAD AN ACCIDENT  
UPSTATE LAST  
NIGHT...

A FEW HOURS?  
GOD HENRY...

...YOU'VE  
BEEN MISSING  
FOR OVER  
**A YEAR!**

**WHAT?**

A YEAR HENRY...  
WHERE HAVE YOU  
BEEN...WHAT HAVE  
YOU BEEN DOING  
FOR A YEAR...

...YOUR WIFE ENID HAD  
A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN...

...YOUR SONS...CHRIS AND MIKE...  
SPENT MONTHS TRYING TO  
TRACK YOU DOWN...

WHERE  
HAVE YOU  
BEEN HENRY?

ENID...FOR  
GOD'S SAKE  
LISTEN TO ME  
**LISTEN...**

I DON'T KNOW...  
YOU UNDERSTAND?  
I DON'T  
**KNOW...**

OH HENRY... WHY?...  
**WHY?... YOU MUST  
KNOW...** WAS IT  
ANOTHER WOMAN?  
TELL ME... I'LL  
UNDERSTAND IF  
YOU'VE BEEN WITH  
ANOTHER WOMAN...  
I JUST WANT YOU  
**BACK** HENRY...  
...I JUST WANT YOU BACK...

IT'S THE HOUSE --  
**THE DAMN HOUSE!**

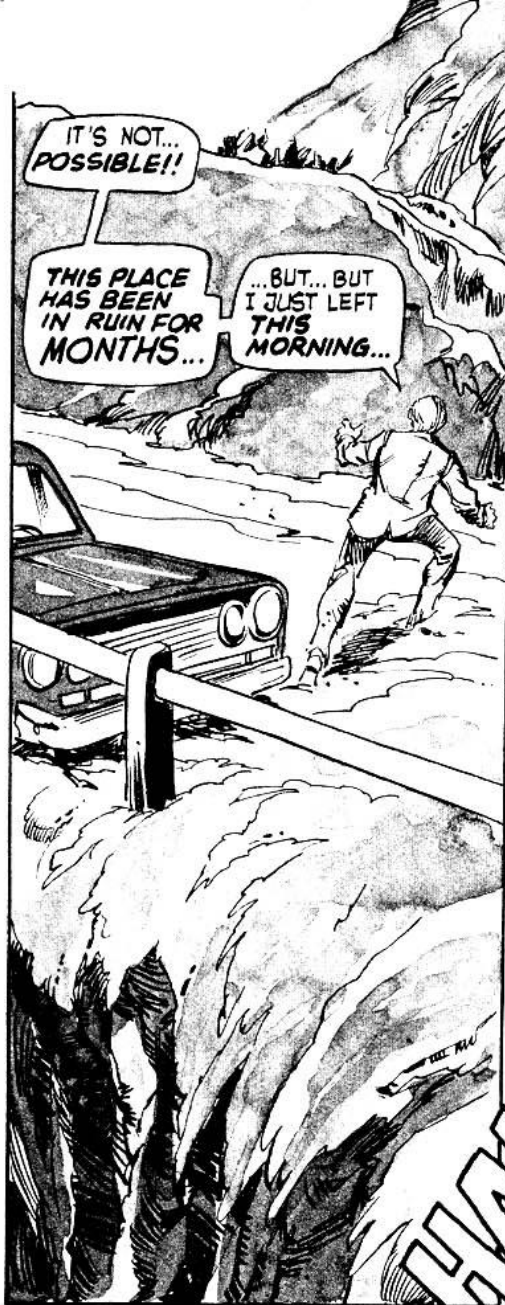
KNOWING FULL WELL HIS DUTY... HIS RESPONSIBILITY, WAS TO RETURN TO HIS WIFE AND BOYS; KNOWING HIS DUTY WAS TO RETURN TO THEM **NOW**... HIS EMOTIONS SNARLED AT HIM FROM WITHIN... TOLD HIM TO RENT A **CAR**... GET BACK TO THE **HOUSE**... BACK TO THAT HOUSE TO FIND OUT THE **truth**...



DOESN'T  
MAKE  
**SENSE...**

...BUT I REMEMBER  
THE OLD MAN... THAT  
OLD MAN WITH THE  
YOUNG WIFE...  
LOOKED SO WEIRD...  
BOTH OF THEM...

...**WEIRD...**



IT'S NOT...  
POSSIBLE!!

THIS PLACE  
HAS BEEN  
IN RUIN FOR  
MONTHS...

...BUT... BUT  
I JUST LEFT  
THIS  
MORNING...



ASHES...  
GROUND UP  
AND MIXED  
INTO THE  
EARTH...

...THERE'S BEEN A  
FIRE... BUT NOT JUST  
RECENTLY... IT'S  
PHYSICALLY  
IMPOSSIBLE YET...

...YET  
I SLEPT  
HERE  
LAST  
NIGHT!



AHHH...

...HEAD  
REELING...  
TWISTING  
MY BRAIN... MAD  
MEMORIES  
FLOATING  
ABOUT IN MY  
MIND...

HAHAHAHAHA



...OH  
GOD...



SOME KIND  
OF **FLASHBACK...**  
MENTAL TWIST  
IN MY MIND...  
THOUGHTS HITTING  
ME IN LITTLE  
CHUNKS AND  
**BITS...**

...HEAD  
**HURTS**  
SO MUCH...





WOW!

WHAT IS GOING ON  
IN MY **MIND**? THINGS  
STARTING TO HIT ME  
LIKE A **CARNIVAL**  
OF HORRORS



... AND MY  
**HEAD** ...  
RIPPING  
OPEN ...

... **RIPPING**  
**APART!**

THE CAR ...  
NOTHING  
LEFT ... STRIPPED  
BY VANDALS ...

... RUSTED ...  
**IN**  
**SHREDS** ...

WHAT'S **THIS** ...  
SOMETHING  
**SHINING** -- CAUGHT  
IN THE CORNER  
OF THE SEAT ...



SOME  
KIND OF  
**AMULET** ...

... **HOLY**  
**LIFTING!** ... I  
**REMEMBER** ...  
... **OH GOD** ...

**I REMEMBER**  
**WHAT**  
**HAPPENED...**

**DIE--DIE!**



**HOLD WIFE...**  
**YOU WILL HAVE**  
**YOUR CHANCE**  
**LATER...**  
**BELOW...**



**NOW...**  
**TAKE HIM**  
**TO THE PLACE**  
**OF WORSHIP...**

**PREPARE**  
**HIM!**





ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, MONDAY MORNING, THE 1st. OF DECEMBER 1969, A SMALL WHITE VOLKSWAGON CAREFULLY WEAVES THRU THE SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE...

...INSIDE THE DRIVER WAKES UP...

OH! ...MUST HAVE FALLEN SLEEP BEHIND THE WHEEL... LUCKY I DIDN'T HAVE AN ACCIDENT...

...THAT HOUSE... MY GOD THAT'S THE HOUSE IN THE DREAM...

GOD... THIS IS THE ROAD...

...CAN'T HAVE BEEN SLEEP MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS... BUT WHAT A DREAM...

THERE IS A GRINDING OF ORGANS WITHIN WHITE'S MENTAL FACULTIES... HIS MIND TRIES TO REASON... BUT IT CAN'T ACCEPT THE BARE-FACED UTTER LUNACY OF IT ALL... AND THE CAR CRASH OF THIS OCCASION WAS CAUSED BY ANOTHER ONE THAT, PERHAPS, NEVER REALLY HAPPENED

WHEEEEEEE  
RRRR

WHUCKKK  
WHAMMM  
--KKAK

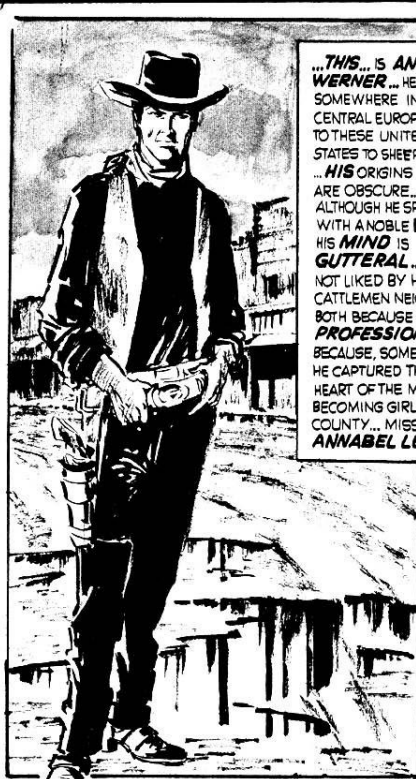
YOU OKAY?... ANYBODY HURT?... YOU ALONE?

GLASS WINDOWS AIN'T EVEN BUSTED... YOU OKAY?

...OH GOD...

...GOODNIGHT DR. WHITE, PLEASANT DREAMS...

...THIS... IS THE PIT...  
 ...INSIDE THIS PIT ARE VARIOUS MACABRE THINGS...  
 THEIR ORIGIN IS OBSCURE... THEIR NATURE  
 REPULSIVE AND UNEXPLAINABLE... THEY ARE  
 FIENDS OF ALL SORTS... DISGUSTING  
 REPTILES... AWFUL THINGS BROUGHT FROM  
 CENTRAL EUROPE TO THE OLD WEST IN THIS YEAR  
 1882 BY THE MAN WERNER... HE WHO IS AS  
 LUNATIC AS THEY...



...THIS... IS ANTON  
 WERNER... HE IS OF  
 SOMEWHERE IN  
 CENTRAL EUROPE COME  
 TO THESE UNITED  
 STATES TO SHEEP-RANCH  
 ...HIS ORIGINS TOO  
 ARE OBSCURE...  
 ALTHOUGH HE SPEAKS  
 WITH AN OBLE VOICE  
 HIS MIND IS  
 GUTTERAL... HE IS  
 NOT LIKED BY HIS  
 CATTLEMEN NEIGHBORS,  
 BOTH BECAUSE OF HIS  
 PROFESSION, AND  
 BECAUSE, SOMEHOW,  
 HE CAPTURED THE  
 HEART OF THE MOST  
 BECOMING GIRL IN THE  
 COUNTY... MISS  
 ANNABEL LEE...

...THIS... IS MS. ANNABEL LEE...  
 ...SOMEHOW ANTON WERNER MADE HER LOVE HIM... THO IT IS  
 NOT HARD TO REASON WHY HE LOVES HER... SHE IS A  
 BEAUTIFUL AND SOFT WOMAN... WITH BLACK-DARK EYES THAT  
 BUST INTO YOUR BRAIN AND MAKE YOU TRIP OVER YOUR OWN  
 WORDS... SHE IS THE BETROTHED ON ANTON WERNER... AND  
 WITHIN A FEW DAYS THEY ARE TO BE MARRIED...



...AND THIS...  
 ...IS WHY ONE NIGHT THEY COME TO  
 SEE HIM TRY TO TALK TO HIM... ARGUE...  
 THEN FIGHT... DRAW THEIR PISTOLS AND  
 BECOME AS ONE TO BRUTALLY  
 PISTOL-WHIP HIM ACROSS  
 THE FACE...

BEWARE IT... FEAR IT...  
 IT SCREAMS!

...THIS... IS AMSTERDAM RANCH...  
 ...NESTLED IN THE FOOTHOLD OF THE ROCKIES,  
 IT IS PERFECT FOR RAISING SHEEP... THO  
 THERE IS MUCH ARGUMENT ABOUT THIS FROM  
 WERNER'S NEIGHBORING RANCHERS WHO ARE  
 DEDICATED TO CATTLE-RANCHING...







...I LOVE YOU ANTON...

WHY?  
...I AM DEGENERATE AND WRETCHED...

NO... NOT YOU ANTON...

...WHAT THEY DID TO YOUR **FACE** HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE LOVE I HAVE FOR YOU... **NOTHING** ANTON...



YOU FEEL SORRY FOR ME...

NO...

...GET IT OUT OF YOUR MIND THAT JUST BECAUSE YOUR **FACE** IS DIFFERENT I LOVE YOU ANY **LESS**...

...I LOVE YOU **NOW**... AS I WILL **ALWAYS** LOVE YOU...



...ANTON WERNER AND ANNABEL LEE WERE MARRIED IN THIS LITTLE CHURCH ON A BRIGHT SUNDAY MORNING THAT SUMMER... OUTSIDE THERE WERE STILL RUMBLINGS FROM THE RANCHERS ABOUT HOW THEY MUST **RID THEMSELVES** OF THIS FOREIGNER WITH HIS DIFFERENT WAYS AND HIS FILTHY SHEEP, AND INSIDE, THE SMALL CONGREGATION WEPT THAT SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE AS ANNABEL LEE SHOULD MARRY SUCH A TORTURED MAN AS ANTON WERNER... AND ANNABEL'S PARENTS, WELL... THEY ONLY **CHOKED**...



...AND WHEN THE **SHADOW** APPROACHED THE MISERABLE CONFRONTATION **BEGAN**...

...THE MONTH THAT FOLLOWS IS **HORRIBLE** FOR HER... HE BECOMES MORE INSANE WITH EACH LONG DAY... AND **ACCUSES** HER **WRONGLY** OF HAVING **RELATIONS** WITH EVERY RANCH-HAND ON AMSTERDAM... YET SHE LOVES HIM AS SHE **ALWAYS** DID... A **BLIND** LOVE... A **PASSIONATE** LOVE THAT OVERLOOKS **ALL**...



...IT WAS THE KIND OF **ACCIDENT** THAT WAS BOUND TO BE SUSPICIOUS IN SUCH A RELATIONSHIP... THE DAY THAT ANNABEL WAS OUT RIDING ALONE... AND A **RATTLER** CHANCED TO SPOOK HER HORSE AND **THROW** HER BRUTALLY TO THE GROUND...



...THEN CREEPT AND SLITHERED TO WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN AND SLICED THROUGH A VEIN IN HER LEG... BEFORE IT WAS BLOWN APART BY THE SHELL OF AN OLD CAVALRY REVOLVER FIRED BY OLD RED HARPER, AN ITINERANT RANCH-HAND WHO STUMBLED ONTO THIS GHASTLY SCENE...



...OLD RED SUCKED THE ROTTEN **POISONED BLOOD** FROM HER LEG; TOOK OFF HIS SHIRT AND USED IT AS A **BANDAGE**... THE **PAIN** ANNABEL FELT WAS TERRIFIC AND SHE WEPT ON RED'S SHOULDER AND HE COMFORTED HER...



ANTON WERNER WAS **LIVID**...UPON DISCOVERING THESE TWO, HIS WIFE AND A RANCH-HAND. HE LEAPED QUICKLY TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION... HE STARED AT THEM FOR A MOMENT, THEN AS ANNABEL REALIZED HIS PRESENCE AND WENT TO HIM WERNER DREW A SHOTGUN FROM HIS SADDLE HOLSTER AND AIMED IT AT OLD RED'S HEAD...



...AND TRIGGERED BOTH BARRELS BEFORE ANYONE REALIZED WHAT HE WAS DOING...THE SHOT ENTERED OLD RED'S HEAD JUST ABOVE HIS LEFT EYE AND RIPPED IT COMPLETELY OPEN...HIS BRAINS EXPLODED INSTANTLY AND INTO THE AIR...CHUNKS OF FLESH AND HOT BLOOD FILLED THE AIR FOR A MOMENT AS IT WENT IN EVERY DIRECTION...



...HE WATCHED AS THE THINGS CAME TO HER WITH THEIR TONGUES AND LAPPED AT HER FACE...SHE BEGAN TO **SCREAM**...



MY GOD ANTON  
MY GOD MY GOD ANTON  
I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU!!

...ANNABEL THEN WOKE UP, AS WERNER DROPPED A SECTION OF FENCE OVER THE LID OF THE PIT, SO THAT IF SHE WAS ACCIDENTALLY FREED BY THE ROPE-RIPPING TEETH OF THE CREATURES IN THIS PIT SHE COULDN'T ESCAPE...



ANTON...  
MY GOD ANTON...  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

...WERNER OBTAINED A JAR OF IMPORTED EASTERN **HONEY** FROM HIS WIFE'S KITCHEN AND KNEELED BY THE EDGE OF THE PIT, POURING IT ONTO HER... HE KNEW PRECISELY WHAT HE WAS DOING, THO NOBODY WHO SOEVER, INCLUDING ANNABEL, KNEW **WHY**...

MY GOD ANTON...



...ANNABEL LOOKED DOWN AT HERSELF COVERED IN OLD RED'S ALMOST-STILL-LIVING BLOOD, AND THEN SLOWLY LIFTED HER EYES AND SAW HER HUSBAND FOR THE MOMENT AND A HALF BEFORE SHE FAINTED...

...AND SHE CONTINUED TO HORRIBLY **SCREAM** AS THEY BEGAN TO DEVOUR HER...



MY GOD OH GOD  
OH GOD ANTON  
WHY??

...ANTON WERNER HAD, IN A MONTH, DEGENERATED TO A TOTAL LUNATIC...THERE WAS SOME FREUDIAN REASON FOR THIS, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT IT WAS... HE TIED HER BODY BY A ROPE TO THE SADDLE OF HER HORSE AND DECIDED TO TAKE HER TO THE PIT...



...AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT HE TOOK HER DOWN AND TIED HER TO A FALLEN FENCE POST...THEN HE WENT INTO THE RANCH HOUSE AND FOUND HER PRETTIEST DRESS, WHICH HE BROUGHT TO HER; HE STRIPPED HER NAKED AND PUT THE DRESS ON HER... AND THEN HE LOWERED HER INTO THE PIT BY MEANS OF A RIGGED UP ROPE AND PULLEY...



...HE HAD BROUGHT THE THINGS IN THE PIT FROM EUROPE...WHAT EXACTLY THEY WERE HE DID NOT KNOW EVEN HIMSELF...BUT THE PIT WAS THERE TO CATCH THE WOLVES AND LIONS WHO STALKED HIS SHEEP...IT WAS A PIT THAT NOBODY TALKED ABOUT TO WERNER, NOT EVEN ANNABEL, FOR IT STRUCK HER AS AN OBSCENITY AND SHE DID NOT WANT TO THINK OF HER HUSBAND BEING THE CREATOR OF AN OBSCENITY...

...AND SHE CONTINUED TO HORRIBLY **SCREAM** EVEN AFTER SHE DIED...



I LOVE YOU MY GOD MY ANTON-- I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU!!



...WERNER WENT INTO HIS RANCH HOUSE AND LIGHTED A FIRE... NIGHT WAS NOW COMING AND AT NIGHT IT BECAME COLD IN AMSTERDAM... HE SAT BY THE FIRE LOOKING AT IT FOR QUITE A WHILE... WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH HIS MIND WAS DESPAIR... HE HAD BEEN REJECTED IN HIS NEW COUNTRY BY EVERYONE, AND HIS WIFE WAS A MISERABLE AND DISHONEST PERSON WHO HAD DESERVED TO DIE... BUT NOW, HE REALIZED, HE WAS ALONE...



...NOT LONG AFTER HE WENT TO BED... HE COULD STILL HEAR HER WRETCHED SCREAMING INSIDE HIS HEAD... PLEADING **SCREAMS: I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU...** BUT HE KNEW SHE DIDN'T AND THAT LOVE WAS A FARCE...



...THEN IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT THE SCREAMS WERE BECOMING **LOUDER!** (AND IF THEY HAD BEEN **REAL** IT COULD BE SAID THEY WERE COMING **CLOSER**)...

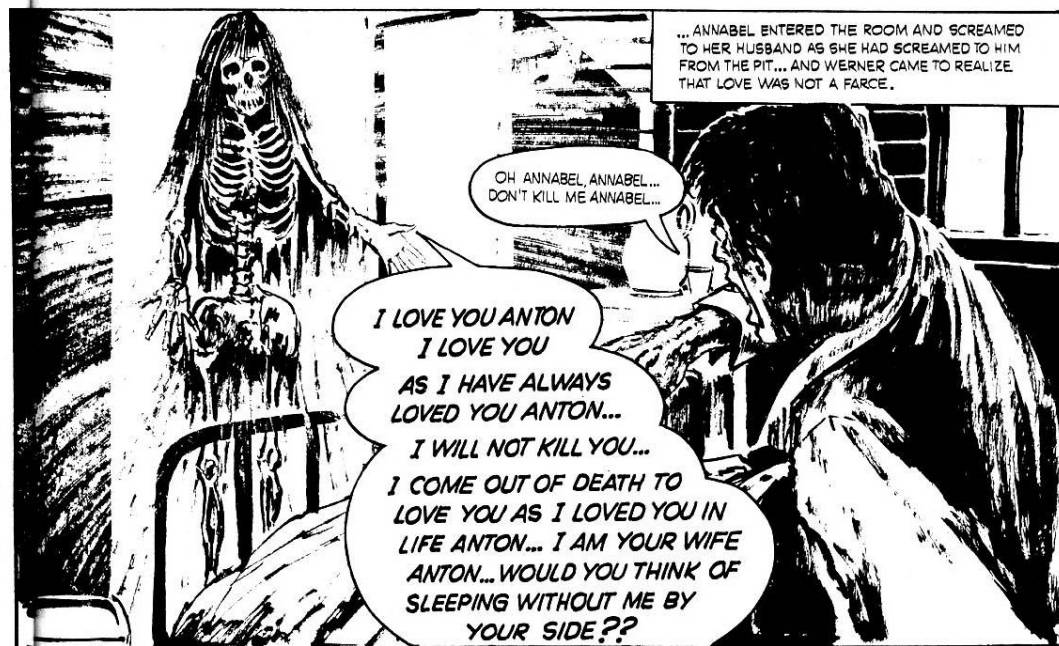


...AND WHEN THE SCREAMS ENTERED THE HOUSE HE JUMPED UP WITH A START... HE WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID; HIS MIND WAS SO DISORGANIZED BY LUNACY THAT IT WOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE REASON OF THE MADNESS...

...HE GOT INTO BED AND TRIED TO SLEEP, BUT ALL HE COULD SEE WAS STARS THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ALL HE COULD HEAR WAS SCREAMS IN THE AIR, AND HE COULD NOT SLEEP...



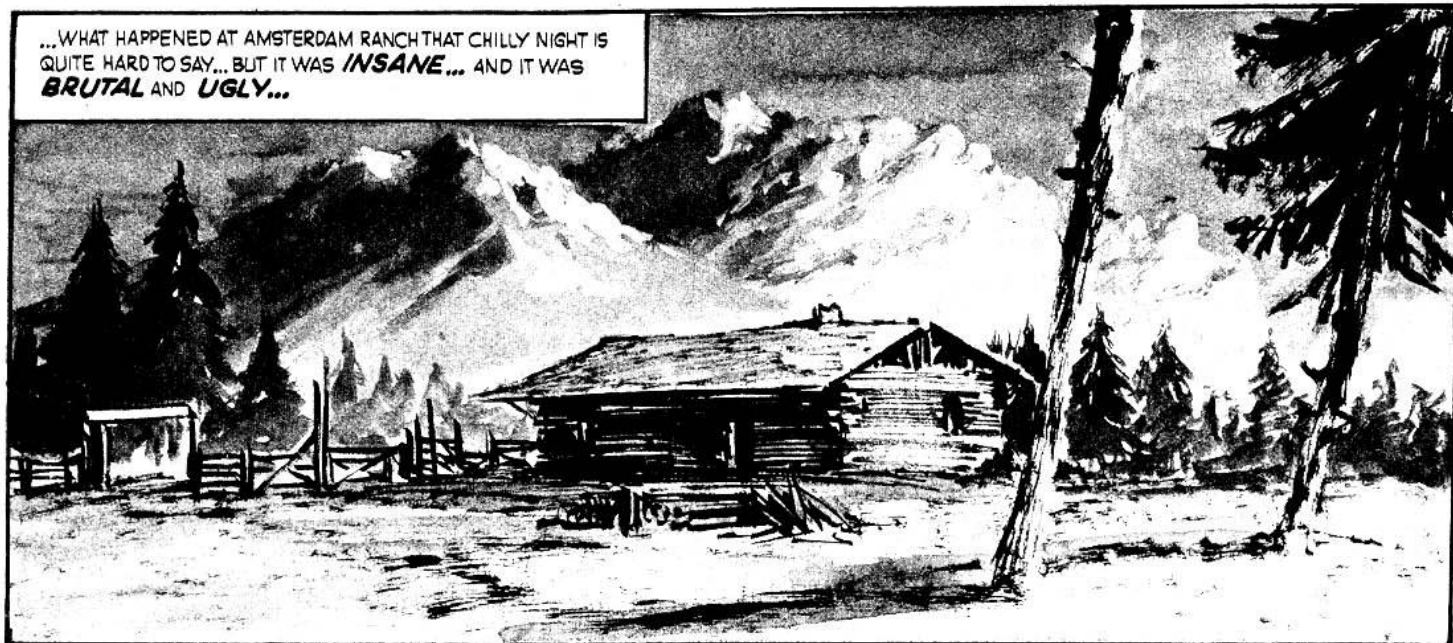
...ANNABEL ENTERED THE ROOM AND SCREAMED TO HER HUSBAND AS SHE HAD SCREAMED TO HIM FROM THE PIT... AND WERNER CAME TO REALIZE THAT LOVE WAS NOT A FARCE.



OH ANNABEL, ANNABEL...  
DON'T KILL ME ANNABEL...

I LOVE YOU ANTON  
I LOVE YOU  
AS I HAVE ALWAYS  
LOVED YOU ANTON...  
I WILL NOT KILL YOU...  
I COME OUT OF DEATH TO  
LOVE YOU AS I LOVED YOU IN  
LIFE ANTON... I AM YOUR WIFE  
ANTON... WOULD YOU THINK OF  
SLEEPING WITHOUT ME BY  
YOUR SIDE??

...WHAT HAPPENED AT AMSTERDAM RANCH THAT CHILLY NIGHT IS QUITE HARD TO SAY... BUT IT WAS **INSANE**... AND IT WAS **BRUTAL** AND **UGLY**...



...WHEN THE FARMHANDS CAME TO THE HOUSE IN THE MORNING TO REPORT THEY'D FOUND OLD RED'S BODY IN AN AWFUL STATE, THEY DISCOVERED THEIR EMPLOYER HANGING FROM A ROPE TIED TO A BEAM IN THE CEILING...



...WHAT STUNNED THEM WAS NOT HIS SUICIDE, BUT HOW THE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF WERNER HAD COME TO **BE**... HE WAS **SHREDDED**... HIS BODY WAS SOAKED WITH HORROR... THE HARDENED SCABS FROM HIS WOUNDS ONE MONTH BEFORE WERE TORN OPEN... HE HAD BEEN PAWED AND CLUTCHED AND BUTCHERED... AS ONE MAN SAID: "IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS KISSED BY A MOUNTAIN LION"...

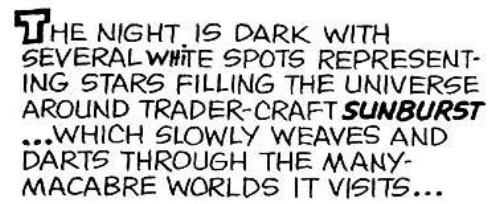
...THEY NEVER FOUND ANNABEL...

...LATER WHEN THEY FILLED IN THE PIT THEY FOUND IT EMPTY; THIS LED TO SPECULATION THAT IT WAS THE THINGS IN THE PIT THAT HAD ATTACKED HIM... BUT IT WAS AN ASSUMPTION NEVER PROVED BECAUSE THEY NEVER FOUND **THEM** EITHER...

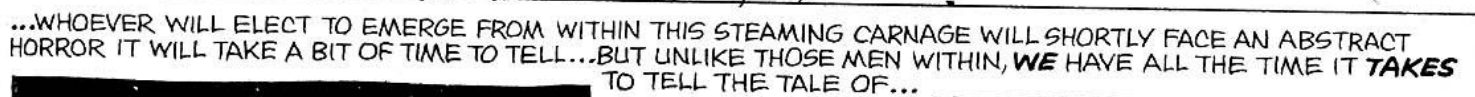
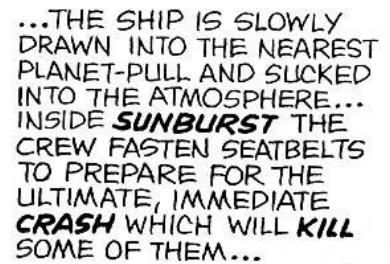
...THEY NEVER FIGURED OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE THINGS THAT WERE IN THE PIT... AND THEY... COULDN'T... CARE... **LESS**...







...UNTIL IT IS ATTACKED BY AN  
AWKWARD STORM WHICH PER-  
FORATES ITS SKIN LIKE BULLETS...  
GLUTS ITS MOTORS WITH CHUNKS  
OF SPACE-SLIME WHICH CLOG  
THE FINELY WIRED COMPUTER-  
DRIVERS TILL THEY SLOW TO AN  
AWFUL **SHUNT...**



...SHORTLY THE MEN GATHER OVER THE BURIED BODIES OF THEIR MATES AND LISTEN TO THE COMMANDER ISSUE A WARNING...

THIS PLACE IS **UNKNOWN** TO US...IT HAS BEEN **AVOIDED** BY TRADERS AND SETTLERS...

...IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN... THE SINGLE OCCUPATION OF THESE PEOPLE IS **PROPOGATION**...WHICH THEY MANAGE TO SUCH A SUCCESSFUL DEGREE THAT THIS WORLD IS TERRIBLY **OVERPOPULATED**...AND IN DANGER OF IMMINENT **DEMISE!**

LT. NIW INFORMS ME THAT THE SHIP WILL NOT TAKE TOO LONG TO **REPAIR**... IN THE MEANTIME HE WILL BE IN CHARGE OF YOUR CONSTRUCTING A LARGE **COMPOUND!**

YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE THIS COMPOUND. YOU ARE NOT TO HAVE ANY DEALINGS WITH THESE PEOPLE...YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO **REPAIR THE SHIP!**

WHATTA CREEP!

...SOON LT. NIW HAD THE COMM. RIG COMPLETED AND GUARDS POSTED...THE ONLY EXIT ALLOWED WAS FOR FOOD PARTIES...



ON SUCH AN OCCASION THE MEN WITNESSED SEVERAL CHILDREN STALK A KIND OF NATIVE BIRD...THE SCENE WAS MACABRE...

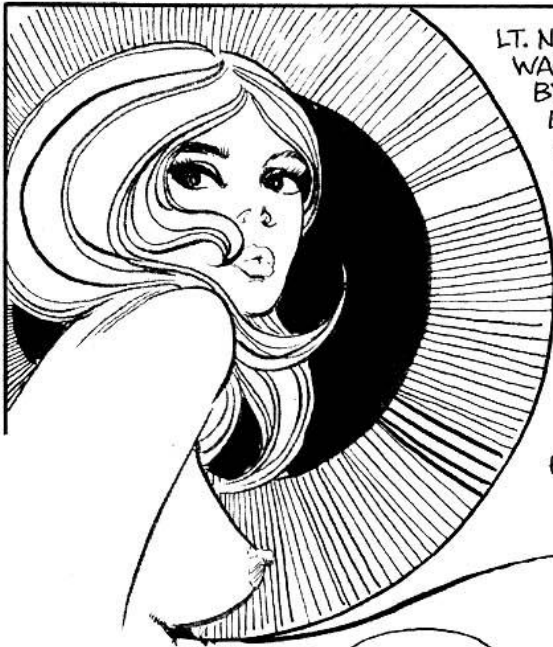


...THEY CAUGHT THE BIRD AND RIPPED IT TO SHREDS... EATING IT RAW...FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR THE CHOICEST BITS OF MEAT...





LT. NIW IS A MAN, HOWEVER, WHOSE INDIVIDUALITY FORBIDS CONFORMITY TO THE **RULEBOOK** (WHICH EXPLAINS WHY HE IS STILL A SECOND RANK OFFICER WHILE OTHERS OF HIS EXPERIENCE ARE COMMANDERS...LATE ONE BLACK EVENING, HE VENTURED OUT OF THE COMPOUND...HE CAME ACROSS A VILLAGE GROUPED AROUND A BONFIRE...THEY WERE WATCHING DANCERS MOVE LITHE-LIMBS TO THE FRENZIED, BARBARIC MUSIC THAT ISSUED FROM 3 MEN MANIPULATING CERTAIN, ODD INSTRUMENTS...



LT. NIW'S EYES WAS CAUGHT BY ONE OF THE DANCERS...AS SHE MOVED... HER EYES DANCED AND FLICKERED IN THE FLAMES... HER WARM DARK SKIN RIPPLED WITH HER MOVEMENTS...SHE WAS DANCING FOR HIM...



...ULA...

...WHEN THE DANCE ENDED THE GIRL SLIPPED OUT THE CIRCLE UNNOTICED, AND CREPT INTO THE BUSHES WHERE NIW STOOD WAITING... AND WITHOUT NEED FOR WORDS THEY SOFTLY EMBRACED...

NIW...

...THEY SPOKE FOREIGN WORDS TO EACH OTHER THRU THE NIGHT ...AND LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER ...AND BECAME IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER...WHEN DAWN CAME NIW TOOK ULA BY THE HAND AND SLIPPED BACK INTO THE COMPOUND UNSEEN...



...ULA STAYED IN THIS PLACE 8 DAYS WITHOUT DISCOVERY...  
SLEEPING WHEN CAME THE DAY...TOGETHER AS ONE WITH  
NIW WHEN CAME THE NIGHT...



...ON THE 9TH DAY THE **SUNBURST** PREPARED TO LEAVE...LT. NIW, UNDER  
COVER OF NIGHT, TOOK HIS WOMAN, ULA, ON BOARD AND HID HER WITHIN  
THE CORNERS OF HIS OFFICER'S PRIVATE CABIN...



...CAME THE 10TH DAY THE **SUNBURST** FED ITS COMPUTER ENGINES  
CERTAIN OBSCURE AMOUNTS OF OXYGEN AND CARBON AND THE LUNATIC  
CRAFT LIFTED OFF THE SURFACE...SMASHED OUT THE ATMOSPHERE  
INTO THE STARS...AND LEFT BEHIND THE PLANET THAT HAD BEEN  
A PRISON FOR THREE AND A HALF WEEKS FOR 29 MEN...



...WHEN ULA REALIZED SHE WAS  
PREGNANT HER FACE CHANGED...NO  
LONGER WERE HER MOVEMENTS  
GRACEFUL...AWFUL DISEASED LINES  
CREPT OVER HER FOREHEAD...HER  
CHEEBONES WERE DISTENDED AND  
BLACK AND HER MIND THOUGHT ONLY  
BLACK-DARK BROODING THOUGHTS...

IT IS NOT  
**GOOD** I AM...  
WITH CHILD...IS  
**TOO MANY**  
CHILD...



ULA--IT IS NOT THE  
**SAME** HERE IN THIS PLACE...  
IT IS NOT LIKE YOUR WORLD...  
HERE THERE IS **ENOUGH** FOOD...  
...BOOKS FOR LEARNING...  
...SPACE TO **MOVE**...IT IS  
NOT THE **SAME**, ULA!



...IT BECAME NECESSARY FOR THE COMMANDER TO BE INFORMED OF ULA'S PRESENCE BECAUSE OF HER PREGNANCY...THE SHIP'S DOCTOR WAS NEEDED TO HELP GIVE BIRTH...

...YOU IDIOT!...YOU STUPID, INCONSIDERATE, STUPID MAN... DON'T YOU **REALIZE** THE RISK YOU'VE TAKEN? THESE PEOPLE ARE **MUTANTS**, NIW... THEY ARE DISEASED EVEN UNTO **THEMSELVES**...DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS CAN MEAN?

**GOD**--YOU IMBECILE! I SHOULD **BUST** YOU FOR THIS... Y'KNOW I REALLY SHOULD...WELL, TAKE HER TO THE SHIP'S DOCTOR...SEE WHAT HE CAN DO FOR HER!

...YOU REALLY ARE **STUPID**, NIW...MATING WITH ONE OF THESE PEOPLE...YOU SAW THE CONDITIONS ON THEIR WORLD...IT WAS CAUSED BY CERTAIN **GENETIC** PROBLEMS--NOT JUST MENTAL ATTITUDES...I HOPE THE DELIVERY GOES WELL! ULA HAS THE SAME **ESSENTIAL** MAKE-UP OF US BUT... THEY **ARE** A FEW DIFFERENCES...SHE IS A **MUTANT** EVEN ON HER OWN WORLD...SHE MAY DELIVER AN OFFSPRING WHICH IS **GREATLY** DEFORMED...

...NIW GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SAID NOTHING --IF ULA WAS TO HAVE ALL THE COMFORTS HE WANTED HER TO HAVE HE'D HAVE TO JUST ACCEPT THE BIGOTRY AND ABUSE...JUST STAND QUIETLY...AND ...ACCEPT IT...



CAME THE NIGHT OF THE BIRTH...  
NIW STOOD NERVOUSLY, THOUGHT-  
LESSLY, MIDST FELLOW OFFICERS  
OF THE **SUNBURST**...HE HAD TRIED  
PACING AND DRINKING...THE BOURBON  
NEARLY CHOKED HIM--AND THE  
OTHERS HAD ORDERED HIM TO STOP  
PACING...HE WAS MAKING **THEM**  
NERVOUS...

IN THE MIDDLE OF  
THE NIGHT THE  
DOCTOR CAME  
RUNNING IN...

YOU OUGHT TO  
BE THROWN INTO  
CENTERSPACE, NIW!

WHAT IS THIS?  
WHAT HAPPENED?



**43 OFFSPRING!!**

...43 PERFECTLY  
FORMED NORMAL  
OFFSPRING  
FOR GOD'S  
SAKE!!

NORMAL?

MED.

WELL, THEY DON'T  
**WEIGH** MUCH...ABOUT  
A POUND EACH...BUT  
THEY'RE **HEALTHY**...  
THEY'LL **SURVIVE**...

IDIOT IS RIGHT...  
THIS SHIP CANNOT  
**POSSIBLY** SUPPORT 43  
CHILDREN...**CAN NOT**  
AND **WILL NOT!**

NOW LISTEN  
...I'VE TAKEN  
ALL THE...



MY GOD,  
NIW...

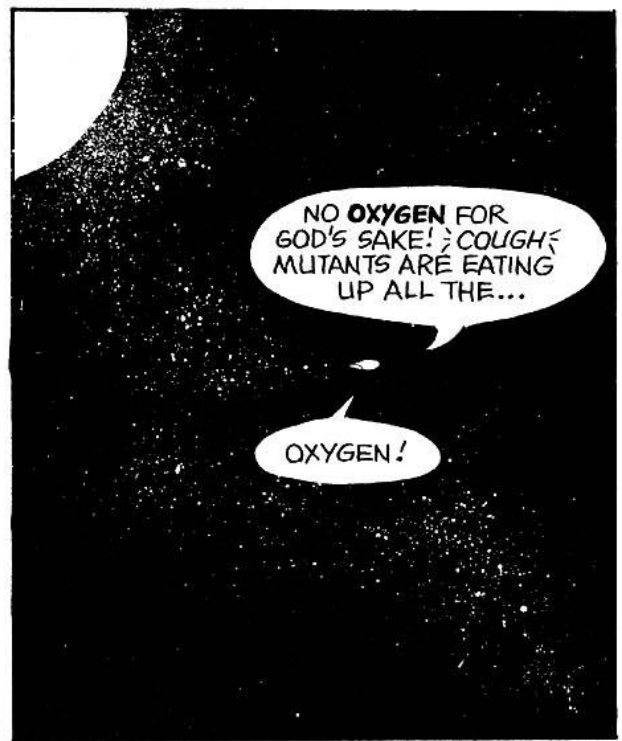
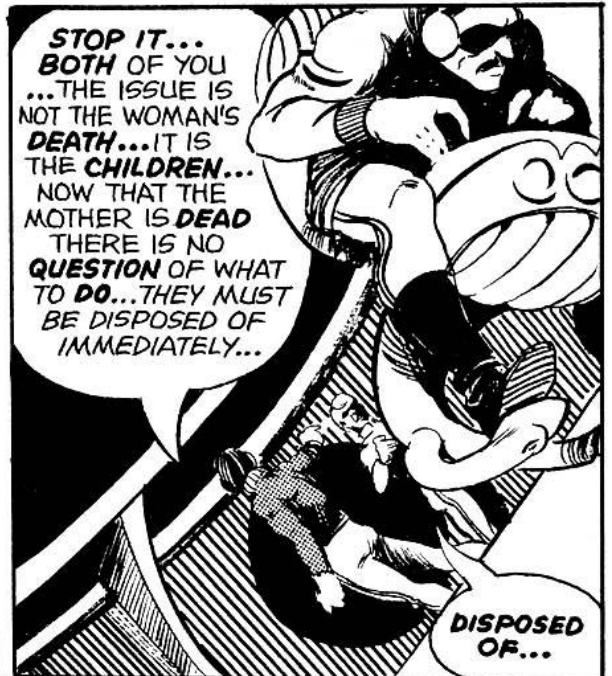


ULA IS  
**DEAD!**



**ULA!**









OF....

# THE LAST WITCH!!

AND, AS THE HOARY SISTERS OF *FATE* WOULD HAVE IT.....

**MADRE  
DE DIOS,  
HE IS  
DEAD!!!**

IT IS  
THE **EVIL**  
WORK OF THE  
**ARISTO**  
WOMAN.....

**...SHE HAS  
PLOTTED  
WITH  
SATAN!!**

FOR THIS, SHE MUST PAY!!!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS THE  
MEXICAN SUN ROSE HIGH ABOVE  
QUINAGA.....

UNHAND  
ME YOU IGNORANT  
PEASANT  
FOOLS!!!

WHERE  
ARE YOU  
TAKING  
ME??!

**SHE IS THE  
ONE I  
SAW...**

**SHE  
IS A  
WITCH!!!**

THAT VILE TONGUE  
SHALL ROT IN  
YOUR THROAT!!

**DIE,  
YOU  
PEEG!!!**

**WITCHES!!**

JOSEPHINA  
ARISTO IS  
AMONG THEM!!!

HER QUESTIONS WERE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY, FOR ON JULY 3RD, 1955, THE ONCE VOLUPTUOUS BODY OF JOSEPHINA ARISTO WAS COMMITTED TO ASHES... AMIDST THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH THEY CURSED HER... A WITCH!!!!

**AAAAAIIIEEEEEEEEE!!!**

... in **PSYCHO #10** the archaic editors proudly announced **'THE GREAT GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST'** ... you readers were invited to submit reasons WHY you WANTED gargoyle eggs ... in 25 words or more ... we were DELIGHTED by the MANY entries, and are awarding out 10 prize gargoyle eggs on the basis of IMAGINATION ... which made it TOUGH to select 10 winners, because you ALL were STARTLINGLY IMAGINATIVE ... and as testimony to that we're turning our editorial/letters page in this ALMIGHTY-IMPORTANT, IMAGINATION-STAGGERING BRAIN-SHRIEKING FIRST WINTER-SPECIAL into a ...

# ... Special Awards Page ... The Great Horror-Mood Gargoyle Egg Contest ...

... our 10 winners have already received in the mail a special congratulatory letter from the archaic editor, along with a small waterproof cardboard box containing their gargoyle eggs ... it should be noted right here and now, however, that these eggs will probably NOT HATCH ... the reason for this is SIMPLE ... it is totally NECESSARY for them to be hatched by their MOTHER, or in her absence, by a registered-wetnurse-gargoyle ... the UTTER RARETY of the latter professionally-trained medical practitioners make the whole probability unlikely ... sorry 'bout that ...

... in the probable event they DON'T hatch ... they make EXCELLENT paperweights ...

... winner number 1 ... (whose entry was also the first received) ... **DON PARKER** of Williston Park, NEW YORK

... with utmost dispatch, I did take the timorous trek to the beastie's quarters, and didst find, much to my unspeakable horror, a most awful object ...

... verily ... wasn't it not a malicious missive from that agent of the unspeakable which I now didst holdeth in my very hands, and which my Eye so tremblingly read! As — forsooth — mine beloved charge hast gone ... GONE!

... and in its place there didst remain only the rankest of ransom notes, demanding the one thing which t'were beyond even mine ponderous powers to prescribe! Yes — the very egg of the great gargoyle, himself! For days I sank to the depths of despair, as I fully know'd that if I couldst not soon come up with that rarest of relics, mine beloved pet would verily be slaughtered ... in cold slime!

... but not ALL is lost ... recently, whilst I did devour hungrily the 10th issue of **PSYCHO**, I so fortunately came across your item concerning this most rare egg ...

... O, HARKEN TO MINE MOST HUMBLE PLEA, ALMIGHTY ONES, AND IMPART TO MINE ABODE WITH UTMOST DISPATCH ONE OF THOSE SCARCEST OF TREASURES ... THAT I MAY ONCE AGAIN BE UNITED WITH MY BELOVED BEAST ... BUT MAKETH HASTE! ALAS, IT MAY ALREADY ... be too late ...

... winner number 2 ... **ERIC DIESEL** of WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA ...

... I'd like a gargoyle egg for a VERY good reason, that being ... my gargoyle wife is sterile ... we have been married now for 3,057 years, seven months, and several days ... the only thing we have ever asked for is a baby gargoyle to darken our days and ruin our family name. If, or should I say when, you send my wife and I a gargoyle egg, we promise to take poor care of it and keep it away from good influences, like **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE**

magazines, when it hatches ...

winner number 3 ... **WENDY DELAMATER** of Woodstock, N.Y. ... (Miclan)

... my 'story' begins on another world, in another time and place, before anyone here had ever thought about being. The rulers of the world Tharon were mighty gods, cruel and merciless to those whom the heaven's favored. Such were Rovnu and myself. Rovnu was born the son of the great king Taslojd and from the time he was born the people loved him. He was a born ruler, the kind of person that is both wise and just and when Taslojd died Rovnu took the throne

... Naturally the gods were angry. They believed themselves to be the true rulers of our world and did not want anyone but those they favored to be happy. In fact, the people were NOT happy. To remain in favor of the gods you had to do their work every hour of every day and they were constantly scheming on new ideas ... Nevork was the worst of these so called gods. He demanded Rovnu do homage to him, and when Rovnu and I would not we were banished one fateful night to the far reaching places of the galaxy. This is how I became part of your world on this place you call Earth. Somewhere out there is Rovnu ... I know not

... announcing the **ASYLUM** issue ...



## Asylum

You have nothing to lose  
but your mind.

... the next **PSYCHO #12** is a very special all lunatic issue featuring 'LUNATIC PICNIC', the HEAP-turned-lunatic in 'AND THE WORLD SHALL SHUDDER', and a special photo-review of Cinerama's exceptional new scream-screen feature: **ASYLUM** ... **PSYCHO #12** is the TOTAL madness issue, in the **HORROR-MOOD** tradition ...

tho only 12 years of age ... the years passed ...

... my father was the King of the other world on that far away planet and his greatest wish was that the two worlds combine for the greatest power and happiness for everyone. Taslojd had shared that idea, so when Rovnu was 18 and I but 16 we were wed. NEVER was I happier; it was as if all the good fortune everywhere had shined on us. One of our many presents was a gargoyle's egg — they were known to have strange mystical powers benefitting those who were in possession of the egg ...

WHERE ... when we were banished there was only one way we could RETURN to each other and the place we were born ... through the 'mystical powers' of a gargoyle egg. Please help me ... this is my last hope ... every day I grow weaker on your earth, and to stay young on a planet that grows old (which ours does not) takes much strength. Without YOUR help I don't believe Rovnu and I will EVER see our homeland again ... WON'T YOU HELP US? ...

winner number 4 ... **JOANIE ADRIAN** of Englishtown, New Jersey ... (ESMERALDA II)





... I would like a gargoyle's egg to place on **Quasimodo's Grave** ... in life his only friends were the stone grotesqueries of Notre Dame. Created by man, only to be shunned by man, they shared the place of equals. Perchance, by placing the egg on the hunchback's resting place, the miracle of LOVE can defy mortality and its laws. Perchance, the egg will hatch and once again be-friend he who was born friendless, lived friendless, and died friendless. Save for Andrew, Mina and Edward. Peace ...

winner 5 ... Freaky **FRANK TURNER** of Kenilworth, NEW JERSEY ...

... I want a gargoyle egg because I think gargoyles are NEAT, especially Edward, Mina and the Kid ...

... I want a gargoyle egg because I would put the egg in my gargoyle egg incubator and watch it every day until it hatched. Then, after it hatched I'd train my little gargoyle to bite my poetry teacher (he's a queer one!!) ...

... that would satisfy my warped mind CONSIDERABLY

winner number 6 ... **JEFF GALLI** of Kings Park, N.Y. ...

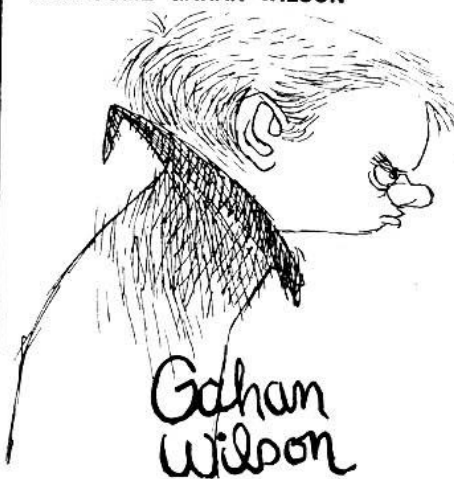
... I want a gargoyle egg because it would be neat to SHOW it to people. And if it hatched I would sick it on people I don't like and ... maybe ... it'd become another WILLARD ...

winner number 7 ... Weird, Wild and Washed-up **WADE LAMBERT** of Copperas Cove, TEXAS ...



Mina and Edward Sartiros

... this ...  
... is 'honorary' mood-team member:  
**GRUESOME GAHAN WILSON**



Gahan Wilson

... **GAHAN WILSON** is the contemporary master of the cartoon-macabre! His features appear regularly in **PLAYBOY**, the **NATIONAL LAMPOON**, the **GARGOYLE GAZETTE** and other weird periodicals. We couldn't publish a photograph of Gruesome Gahan because they don't allow cameras in his asylum, but he swears the little guy pictured is a self-caricature ... the big cartoon is original, unpublished, and is especially for **PSYCHO-NIGHTMARE** readers ... our thanks to this extraordinary artist (and fine friend for many years) for his lunatic contributions, which make him a proud, paid-in-full, honorary member of the **HORROR-MOOD-TEAM** ...



Gahan Wilson

... I hope all this is covered by my **BLUE-CROSS?** ...

... I would like a gargoyle egg. Why? To HATCH your macabre, paranoiac, archaic (of course) little monstrosity. Actually I want it 'cause I'm lonely down here in this ... ech ... BEAUTIFUL cemetery! They've really RUINED this place you know ... no weeds, cobwebs, ... no NOTHING! Why can't it look like the one on your **SLITHER-SLIME PAGE!** You'd think that living in a cemetery would mean having a lot of blood-thirsting SOULS around ... there AIN'T ... everytime they come up from the grave they see the ... ach ... beauty and go into hysterics. I'm DESPERATE! Though only an EGG it would be SOMETHING to talk to ... please ...

winner 8 ... **GARY WAYNE ANDERSON** of Tulsa, OKLAHOMA ...

... I DESPERATELY need that Gargoyle egg, for I have a BULLY always picking on me ... if I could have one of those eggs I'd SIT ON IT long enough to hatch it ... then I could send the gargoyle after the bully. It might also prove to be a very good WATCH-GARGOYLE and maybe it could stop all those people from stealing my **PSYCHO** and

**NIGHTMARE** books ... even if it didn't hatch it'd be a very good conversation piece and would have a great value in science ...

winner number 9 ... Booby hatch **BOB BURROS** of Ridgewood, NEW YORK ...

... I want a gargoyle egg because I love bacon and eggs and coffee and toast every morning for breakfast. I use ALL kinds of eggs, including ROACH and SPIDER eggs, since I have PLENTY of the aforementioned in THIS asylum! I MIGHT-AS-WELL try a gargoyle egg ... variety is the spice of death ...

... and ... ta ta ta tum tum tum ta ta: Grand Winner #10 ... **ARTHUR KERINS** of Queens, NEW YORK ...

... Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gargoyle ... I am told the egg probably won't have a baby in it because it's so OLD, however ... maybe you could send me one of your TEETH or something ... INSTEAD ... so you won't miss your baby too much ... I mean after all, what kind of a lousy PARENT would I make ... I'm only 6 and-a-half years old and the egg is over 600 already!! ...


... our thanks to all the OTHERS who entered ... there will be ANOTHER contest soon ... **THE OFFICIAL HORROR-MOOD CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST** appearing in an upcoming-shortly **REGULAR** ISSUE ... miss it not ...

... anyway, as a result of THIS contest ... Don Parker can ransom his pet, Eric Diesel and his wife can have a gargoyle skeleton in their family closet, Wendy Delamater can be re-united with Rovnu, Joanie Adrian will have a gargoyle wreath for Quasimodo's grave, Frank Turner will considerably satisfy his warped mind, Jeff Galli will have a gargoyle-Willard, Wade Lambert will have a macabre artifact to help corrupt his cemetery, Gary Anderson will have an excellent watch-gargoyle, Bob Burros will have a change-of-weird pace at breakfast, and 6 and-a-half year old Arthur Kerins will have a child ... !! ... not bad for an insane contest where unaccountable entrants were fighting over a bunch of little gargoyle pebbles ...

R.I.P

-ARCHAIC-




A large, detailed illustration of a scarecrow standing in a field. The scarecrow is made of straw, with a human-like face, wearing a hat and a long coat. Its arms are outstretched, holding bundles of straw. In the background, there are rolling hills, a windmill, and some trees. The sky is filled with birds.

...ONCE UPON A TIME, SOME YEARS AGO, IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND, THERE WAS A SCARECROW WHO WANTED TO BE A MAN...

DELA  
ROSA.

...ALL DAY THE SCARECROW PERFORMED HIS TASK OF SCARING CROWS AND OTHERS, AND PERFORMED IT VERY WELL-- OF THE 5 SCARECROWS OF FARMER WILLARD TUMBA, HE WAS SELECTED TO STAND IN THE MIDDLE FIELD... WHERE THE AIR TRAFFIC AND THIEVERY OF CORN HUSKS WAS THE WORST IN ALL THE FARM... AND WHERE IT WAS DULY OBSERVED BY THE FARMER AND HIS FAMILY THAT PERRY, FOR SO THE SCARECROW WAS CALLED, DID A FINE JOB OF PROTECTING THE FIELD FROM INVADERS...

...THE FARMER HAD  
A DAUGHTER...

A detailed illustration of a young woman with long, flowing hair, sitting in a field of tall grass. She is holding an open book and appears to be reading. She is wearing a simple dress. The background shows more of the field and some distant trees.

...THE DAUGHTER WAS YOUNG, VERY BEAUTIFUL, AND ROMANTIC. HOWEVER, SINCE THERE WERE NO YOUNG MEN IN THE AREA, SHE FOUND VENT TO HER DREAMS BY SITTING, NEAR PERRY SOMETIMES, AND READING ALOUD CERTAIN ROMANTIC NOVELS... WHICH SHE WOULD READ WITH GREAT PASSION AND ENTHUSIASM...



...PERRY BECAME IN *LOVE* WITH JUDY...



...HE WAITED FOR HER TO COME AND SIT BESIDE HIM AND READ, AND CHERISHED EACH MOMENT SHE WAS NEAR. *NOW*, PERRY WAS NO *FOOL* -- HE KNEW HE WAS A SCARECROW, AND HE KNEW THAT JUDY ATTACHED NO MORE IMPORTANCE TO HIM THAN SHE WOULD TO ANY OTHER GATHERING OF STICKS AND STRAW...

...AND SO, WHEN CAME THE NIGHT PERRY *CRIED*...



...AND THE NIGHTS GREW LONGER AND COLDER AND AS WINTER APPROACHED, PERRY LONGED FOR LIFE... LONGED TO FEEL THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN... LONGED TO BE NEAR THE WOMAN HE HAD CHOSEN TO CALL HIS OWN... HIS JUDY...

...AND HE CAME TO FEEL THAT CERTAIN THINGS IN THIS WORLD WERE NOT ENTIRELY *FAIR*... THAT IT IS THE RIGHT OF EVERYONE TO BREATHE AND TO LOVE...

# ...WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW...

...AND SO, WE START OUR TALE...

ONE MORNING PERRY LOOKED DOWN AND SAW AN OLD MAN SLEEPING BY HIS FEET... AS HE WATCHED, THE OLD MAN WOKE UP... AND LOOKED AT PERRY SQUARELY IN THE EYE... AND SAID:



...GOOD MORNING PERRY...

...I AM THOMAS CARLYLE, YOUR FAIRY GODFATHER, BUT BY FULL TIME PROFESSION I AM AN ALCHEMIST...









...THE TRACTOR BECAME QUITE OUT OF CONTROL AND PERRY COULD NO LONGER EVEN STEER THE VEHICLE... IT GATHERED SPEED AND RACED OVER THE FARMLAND BOUNCING PERRY ABOUT AND CREATING NO END OF PAIN FOR HIM...



I...HAVE NO...  
CHOICE...

I MUST MAKE  
MY THIRD WISH  
NOW...

I WISH...



...I WISH THIS  
HAD... NEVER  
HAPPENED...

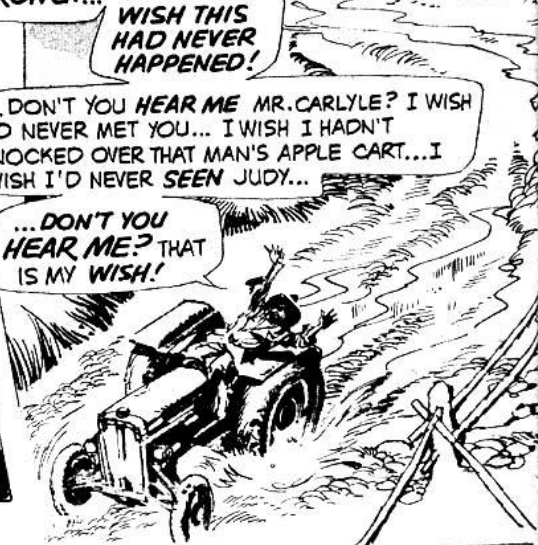
...BUT THE TRACTOR CONTINUED TO ROLL  
OVER THE FIELDS OUT OF CONTROL...

...WHAT'S  
WRONG?...

I SAID: I  
WISH THIS  
HAD NEVER  
HAPPENED!

...DON'T YOU HEAR ME MR. CARLYLE? I WISH  
I'D NEVER MET YOU... I WISH I HADN'T  
KNOCKED OVER THAT MAN'S APPLE CART... I  
WISH I'D NEVER SEEN JUDY...

...DON'T YOU  
HEAR ME? THAT  
IS MY WISH!



... BUT THE TRACTOR CONTINUED TO ROLL OVER THE  
FIELDS OUT OF CONTROL... AND PERRY WAS ALLOWED  
NO WISH... FOR HE HAD WAITED TOO LONG... THE OLD  
MR. CARLYLE, HIS AGING FAIRY GODFATHER, HAD IN THE  
MEANTIME DIED... AN HIS WISH WAS AS A WISH TO THE  
WIND...



... BUT THERE IS ALWAYS PROVIDENCE...



...AND SO ENDS THE TALE OF PERRY THE SCARECROW... AN UPSIDE  
DOWN ENDING PERHAPS, FOR PERRY NEVER EXPECTED THAT BY CAREFULLY  
BIDDING HIS TIME AND BY THINKING CLEARLY HE WOULD BE DEALT WITH  
SO HARSHLY BY FATE...

... THERE ARE SEVERAL *MORALS* TO THIS TALE... BUT PERHAPS THE  
LEAST IMPORTANT ONE OF ALL IS THAT EVERYONE HAS HIS PLACE IN THIS  
WORLD... AND THAT IS THE MEANING OF JUSTICE... *WHETHER FOR  
MAN... OR SCARECROW...*

...R.I.P. PERRY...



# ... this ... is NIGHTMARE 12 ... the SWAMI issue ... featuring 'I AM DEAD: I AM BURIED!'

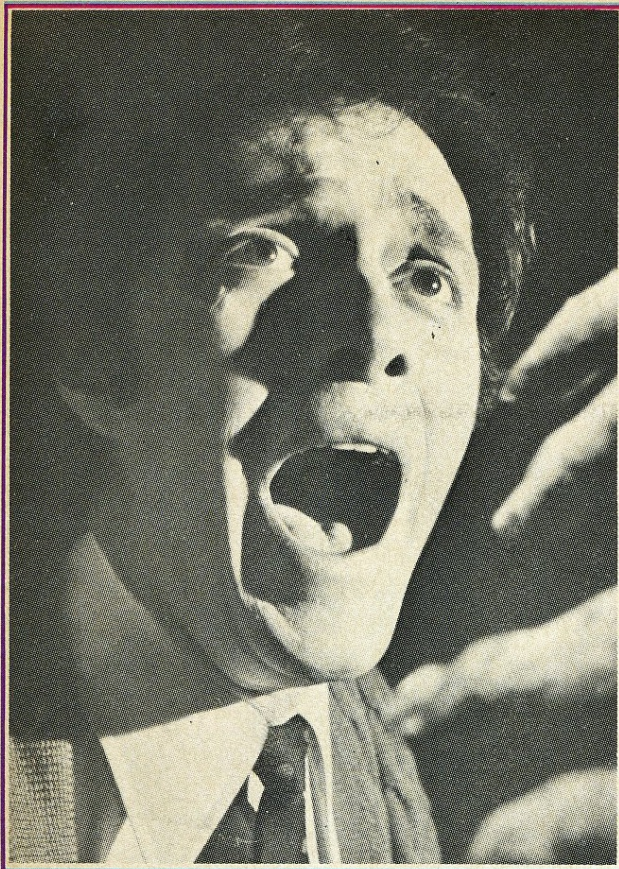


# ... this ... is PSYCHO No. 12 ... the ASYLUM issue ... featuring 'THE MAD-DOLL MAN' ...



... don't miss 'em or you'll turn into a degenerate vegetable ...





## ... SCREAM ...

... What ever happened to *Nosferatu*?...

... Who is *I, Slime*?...

... Why... *Beware The Dawn's Early Light*?...

... Where are *The Vampire Letters*?...

... When does *The Thing In The Box* Kill?...

...when you know the answers you will Have To...

## ... SCREAM ...

.. the Answers are Disturbing, Weird, Grotesque ..  
they come from the maniacal mind of America's master  
of the comics-macabre ... *Archaic Al Hewetson* ...  
they pour out of the pens of these Powerful Graphic  
Artists: *Cintron - Zesar - Gual - Domingo* and  
*Borrell* .. under a wretched cover by *Ken Kelly* ...

...do you Know how to...

## ... SCREAM ...



... We will teach you  
how to ... **SCREAM**

to know *Horror* is  
to know how to

## ... SCREAM ...



... Learn here how to  
**SCREAM**  
Step by awful step...  
Groan by  
awesome groan..!



...it's coming soon in the  
**SKY WILD HORROR MOOD**

... miss nothing not ...

# SCREAM